

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK.—COMPLETING A GREAT WORK—LASHING THE STAYS OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.  
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 153.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

63, 65 & 67 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, APRIL 28, 1883.

### THE IRISH CONVENTION.

CONSIDERING the present state of affairs in Ireland and the supposed present state of opinion among the Irish in America, the Philadelphia Convention this week will be an event of some significance. Mr. Parnell will not be present, and it is being held despite his entreaty that it should be postponed. This will deprive the convention of one remarkable feature, but from another point of view, it will increase its significance. The Irish-Americans for the first time are thus made arbiters of an Irish policy in a peculiarly difficult crisis. They are left to their own resources with a great responsibility. It will be a test of their mettle more searching than they have ever yet been put to, and much will depend upon how they bear themselves and what they do in the circumstances.

Ireland just now is in an extremely painful condition. The revelations of Carey, Earl Spencer's methods of government, and the dynamite propaganda, have reduced her to a state bordering on distraction. A desperate wrestle is taking place between the law and the enemies of the law, between English government in Ireland and the evil brood its own sinister way has engendered. The "Invincibles" are being decimated; they are being passed from Judge O'Brien to Mr. Marwood with tragic rapidity. Ireland, with shocked and fascinated gaze, is watching the process. The position, in a word, is as if the country were a mighty crowd gathered around a gallows. It is such a situation that the dynamitards at this side of the Atlantic consider a favorable opportunity. A gang of heroes with infernal machines descend upon England, destroy a public building, get taken up by the police, and, *more antiquo*, proceed to betray each other. Only one noteworthy thing have they succeeded in effecting: the agony in Ireland is now supplemented by a panic in England—a panic which is vividly typified by the passage in twenty-four hours, complete from motion for first reading to royal assent, of an Act of Parliament to render the use of explosives a criminal offense. Undoubtedly the man whose position is most difficult in this crisis is Mr. Parnell. Amid the chaos and distraction there is no place for constitutional agitators; their voices are drowned between the roar of explosions and the howls of panic-stricken enemies. It is for this reason, we are told, that the Irish leader, apprehensive that Irish-America, in a truculent vein, might create a new and formidable distraction, was anxious that the Philadelphia Convention should be postponed, and no controversy provoked until the hangings and the infernal machines had mellowed into memories, while he would be free to devote his energies to combating the Criminal Code Procedure Bill—a measure to render the most obnoxious provisions of the Crimes Act permanently operative, and which the Government consider this a favorable moment to urge upon Parliament. But the Irish societies over here have willed it otherwise, and, consequently, the Irish-Americans have got to face the difficulty.

The convention may do immense harm, or it may do the Irish cause incalculable good. It may degenerate into a Jacobite Club sitting, in which the Mountain will bear down all opposition; or it may result in a bold and vigorous assertion of the principles of constitutional agitation. If Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa and Mr. Patrick Crowe, of Peoria, succeed in getting the convention to endorse their policy, it will cause consternation and demoralization in the national ranks in Ireland, and it will be many a day before a lawful popular movement, with any strength or cohesion, will be rallied together there again. On the other hand, if the dynamitards are crowded out; if the Irish-Americans prove themselves men of reason and uprightness of purpose; if the convention votes for one policy, that of constitutionalism, and for one leadership—that of the Irish Parliamentary Party and the National League—the moral effect, both in America and Ireland, will be greater than can be now estimated.

We do not see why the dynamitards cannot be crowded out. They are in reality but a miserable and unsavory faction of the Irish element in this country. It is claimed that they have no following at all in Ireland, and we are much mistaken if the sympathy they are supposed to receive in America is not a very spurious article. It consists in the unexpressed toleration, which must always be calculated upon amongst Irishmen, extended to any one who strikes a blow at England; but that toleration is very limited, and, in the case of the dynamitards, it is toleration and no more. They derive a passing notoriety from the noise of their one explosion and the scare it has created in England; but they are less real

danger to any community than the legislators they have driven into panic. There is one other section which may endeavor to turn the Convention to its ends, and this is a more formidable danger than the dynamite party. An endeavor may be made by those connected with the Clan-na-gael societies to inaugurate a policy which would have for its object the organization of the Irish in America into one large conspiracy. But the rational men, it is strongly hoped by those who believe that Ireland has real wrongs, will outnumber those also.

If the constitutionalists succeed in asserting themselves in all the bituminous atmosphere, and against the flood tide of truculent frenzy, it will be a signal achievement. It will be a new and an immense encouragement to the friends of true liberty in Ireland, and it will win for the Irish cause a sympathy and respect in America which it has of late nearly forfeited.

### IMMIGRATION TO CANADA.

THE tide of immigration is pouring more and more in the direction of the Canadian Dominion, and the movement is likely to grow in volume rather than diminish. The Government has just appropriated the sum of \$570,487 for immigration and quarantine purposes, and while this is not a large amount, it shows, when compared with the appropriation of \$212,214 voted for the same purposes some years ago, that the Government is becoming more in earnest in its effort to secure an increase of population by attracting the teeming multitudes of Europe to its extensive and fruitful territory. One of the principal duties performed by Sir A. T. Galt, High Commissioner from Canada at the English court, was to encourage emigration, and though the results so far have been extremely meagre, his persistent presentation of the claims of Manitoba and the Northwest, as desirable locations for intending immigrants, can scarcely fail to result, eventually, in a measure of success.

According to returns furnished by the Dominion Immigration Agent, 44,000 persons last year entered Manitoba and the Northwest by the principal avenues of travel. Many of these, no doubt, went across the frontier, at places where no official count of their number could be made. The number who returned to other parts of Canada in the Fall is placed at 7,000, most of whom were merely back temporarily. But it would be erroneous to conclude that the Dominion population had been increased by 44,000. Probably fully three-fourths of that number were farmers and others from Ontario and other sections, who, attracted by the prospect of a grant of a section of land or of work on the public improvements in progress, or a desire to deal in Northwest stock and lands, emigrated to that country either to locate permanently or to remain while it suited their convenience. This season 50,000 emigrants are expected to arrive in Manitoba and the sections to the west of that province. This number is not probably an over-estimate, but whether the arrivals from Europe will be largely augmented or not it is difficult to conjecture. In the possession of a vast area of productive soil, capable of producing bountiful crops of wheat, barley, oats, peas and potatoes, this country has many inducements to offer to emigrants. Vegetation is extremely rapid, and though seeding does not usually begin until the middle of May, the grain is generally ripe and ready for harvesting by the end of August.

There are, however, many disadvantages connected with farming and residence in that country. The extreme severity and length of the Winter, though not the greatest evil, is still sufficiently serious to prevent many from locating there. Last year the Battle River settlement, to the south of Edmonton, enjoyed a full week's sleighing in the early part of October, and on the Eagle Hills near Battleford the snow at the same time was seven feet deep. This is not, however, an isolated case, as Winter in nearly all that section commences in the early part of October, and rarely ends before the 1st of May. The scarcity of timber, for fuel and lumber, is, however, the most serious hindrance to the settlement of Manitoba and the adjacent territory. The banks of the Red, Saskatchewan, Assiniboine and other rivers are wooded with stunted growths of spruce and other varieties of trees—none, however, very serviceable for any useful purpose—and the wood is usually at such great distances from the farms that it involves a great deal of labor to procure necessary fuel. In the forty villages of the Mennonite reserve west of Emerson, the residents mostly use for fuel sun-dried, pressed masses of manure and straw, which they burn like peat in ovens for cooking purposes and heating their houses. Extensive coal fields exist in the Valley of the Saskatchewan and elsewhere, but they have never been properly worked, and the coal is stated to be of an inferior quality. As stone is scarcely procurable, a huge quantity of lumber is required for building purposes, but this, costing from \$40 to \$50 per 1,000

superficial feet, involves a large expenditure of money before houses can be erected. Indeed, without at least \$800 or \$1,000, it would be unwise for an intending farmer and his family to proceed to Manitoba with the intention of settling.

The Government disallowance last Winter of the charter of the Southeastern Railway, which would connect Manitoba with the United States, will also affect injuriously the settlement of the country, as will also the high rates of taxation. It appears from figures furnished by the Minister of Customs, that Manitoba pays \$16 per head taxes on imports directly into that country, whereas other provinces contribute but \$5 per capita.

Balancing the advantages against the adverse circumstances to be encountered, it is not probable that Manitoba and the territories north of the line will compete successfully, or even to any appreciable extent, with the United States as a field for emigration. The Western States offer such superior inducements that the stream of emigrant travel will scarcely be diverted from its course so long as eligible sites remain unoccupied.

### DEMOCRATIC TROUBLES.

THE Democratic Party approaches the Presidential Election of 1884 with the prestige of an overwhelming victory at the last Congressional elections, and entrenched in the control of more State Governments than it has ever before held. Under such circumstances the situation would be full of promise if the party were heartily united in support of a well-defined, aggressive policy. And yet the prospect of a Democratic victory in the approaching national campaign is far from encouraging. Every unprejudiced observer recognizes the fact that the results of the elections of last Fall were not so much Democratic victories as they were Republican defeats; not so much expressions of confidence in the opposition as a rebuke of the methods of the party in power. In other words, the independent voters, who hold the balance of power, utterly dissatisfied with the Republicans, decided to give their opponents another chance to demonstrate their capacity for government, but withheld their final approval until they should see how the chance was improved.

In order that the Democrats should carry the country in a Presidential election, it is necessary that they should develop a positive, coherent policy on vital questions of public concern, and inspire voters with confidence in their intention to execute such a policy in good faith. So far from this being the case, the party appears incapable of taking a pronounced position on a single issue. The most striking illustration of this fact yet presented occurred at the recent banquet of the Iroquois Club in Chicago—an occasion which was rendered notable by the attendance of prominent Democratic leaders from all parts of the country, and which had been arranged for the special purpose of formulating a policy. Senator Bayard, of Delaware, was the most conspicuous figure, but his high-flown speech will be searched in vain for any outspoken deliverance. On the tariff question, which has come to be one of the chief issues, his utterances were carefully weighed and ingeniously designed to satisfy free-traders without alarming protectionists. Other speakers did indeed show more courage in declaring for free trade; but Mayor Harrison, who made the only really frank speech of the evening, exposed at once the danger of the party's position and the insincerity of its leaders. He told them, in so many words, that the Democrats are not united on this question, that a "tariff for revenue only" plank next year would defeat them again, as it did in 1880, and that the only hope of success was to try to hoodwink the public.

The Mayor's unexpected speech naturally provoked great indignation among the managers of the banquet, but he only told the truth. The majority of the Democrats, no doubt, favor free trade, but a large and growing minority believe in protection. In Pennsylvania, not a Democratic member of Congress would dare to advocate free trade. In New Jersey, Democratic papers may preach revenue reform volubly and persistently, but Senator McPherson showed, by his votes at the last session, his conviction that a Democratic Senator from New Jersey must support protection, if he would conform to public opinion. In one after another of the Southern States the old free-trade traditions are giving way, and Congressmen from that section are pronouncing for protection. In short, the more loudly that Henry Watterson, one of the leading Southern journalists, calls for free trade, the more closely does the Democratic Party stop its ears and refuse to follow where he would lead.

The trouble with the Democracy is that they have not the courage of their convictions. Instead of displaying a manly fidelity to principle, the only idea of the leaders seems to be to capture the country by some cunning device. Unfortunately for the success of such a scheme, the aver-

age voter in these days has his eyes wide open, and is not to be blinded by the glamour of "glittering generalities," or beguiled by false pretensions to his own undoing.

### PAY FOR BLIGHTED AFFECTIONS.

WE have already set forth abundant reasons why the ceremony of marriage should be performed by the officers of the civil law, and marriage be made primarily a secular contract. The logical corollary of this would be a further change in the laws so as to forbid the granting of sentimental damages in breach-of-promise suits.

A Bill to abolish actions for breach of promise has been introduced into the British Parliament, and it seems probable that the Bill will become a law and go into effect early next year. Of course, disappointed candidates for matrimony may still sue under the common law for actual injury sustained by the non-fulfillment of such a contract, and may recover for the real loss proved, but this will not include that large and indefinite item hitherto known as "blighted affections."

On the whole, there is no doubt that this conclusion would be just. In other words, there is far more wrong done by the progress of suits for damages for "broken hearts" and by verdicts in behalf of supposed victims than would result if suits for breach of promise were unknown. Such suits are generally brought to gratify hate or avarice, or both. The case where actual injury is incurred by the disappointed party is just the one where no suit is brought, because it is felt to be too sacred and tender for the buffeting of a court and quite beyond any financial remedy. Moreover, as civilization advances, the financial consideration becomes more and more prominent in marriage. Maidens are no longer Phyllises, and bachelors are not always simple Arcadian swains unconscious of all save Cupid's darts.

The day has come when breach-of-promise suits excite something more than a smile of incredulity and a comment of suspicion; they excite also, very often, contempt and derision. The attention that has been given lately to the suits for breach of promise brought against wealthy defendants is not, to any great degree, inspired by respectful sympathy. The case of Miss Fanny Hyland against Mr. Biggar, Member of the British Parliament, which dragged along for months and has at last ended by a verdict of \$2,000 in favor of the lady of an uncertain age whose affections had been lacerated, was about on a par with the case in this city of Bernard Barwick against Rebecca McLean for damages to his fractured heart. In neither case has the plaintiff undertaken to prove, or even allege, actual financial damages; the only claim is the vague allegation of loss of appetite and general uncontentableness. The faithful Fanny insists that "it was a dreadful blow," and she has "grown ten years older" since the shock; and poor Bernard declares that he ought to be paid by the lady whom he made love to, because, since she jilted him, and he became a deserted bower of Cupid, he has lost his health and twenty pounds of flesh, passed sleepless nights, is very irritable and loathes his food. He now wooes the coquettish goddess of slumber with large doses of bromide of potassium. For all this he wants to be paid in money down—\$10,000, he thinks, would help to restore the comfort which he enjoyed before he met the fair and fickle Rebecca.

Even if the assessment of damages for mutilated hearts should be prohibited by law, suits for actual money expended because of the engagement may still be brought for its recovery against the party who refuses to fulfill the contract. If the man prove rebellious, the disappointed maiden may sue for the extra money expended for ribbons and roses, for rouge and lily-white—making him pay for the cunning traps set to catch him. She may even sue for extra fires and wear and tear of furniture. If the dame prove fickle, the jilted swain may sue to recover the cost of the ice-cream, candies, bouquets and carriage drives; and perhaps now and then a sternly upright jury will allow the amount of the damage. But the heart must be counted out. That tough and elastic organ in these modern days seldom figures largely in the attachment of this sort of people that go before court for redress for the breach of marriage contract. The marriageable women of the present generation are generally well able to take care of themselves, for they rely on the head quite as much as on the heart, and figure up the dividends of the suitor as calmly and accurately as if there were no enlistment of the cardiac forces.

Blighted love has wonderful power of restoration. As the scotched snake creeps under a stump and poultices its head with dry leaves and healing earth, as the lizard that loses its tail crawls up a tree and straightway grows another caudal appendage as good as the one he was born to, so



the broken heart generally recuperates, anointing its hurt with the balsam of hope and the belladonna of fresh experiment. Dryden said, "Love reckons hours for months, and days for years, and every little absence is an age"; but Coleridge discovered that "Love is a local anguish. I am now fifty miles distant and am not half so miserable." True love would indeed be a dreadful tragedy if it were half as fatal as lovers deem it.

There is good reason why all marriages, to be regular, should be performed by the civil power, and the law so modified that disappointed lovers should be entitled only to material damages. Sentiment is sentiment. Business is business. It is better that they be not too much confounded.

#### ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

A NEW stage in the dynamite campaign by Irishmen against the British Government is marked by the confession of Norman, whose real name is William J. Lynch, one of the eight conspirators who were arrested in London a fortnight ago. Norman made a clean breast of it, and told a plausible story, which is confirmed by investigation of its details. He says that he was born of Irish parents in New York, and in October last joined a secret society formed in this city to free Ireland by force. The members were not known by name, but by number, and he knew but three of them personally. He described the place where the club used to meet, and said that the name of the presiding officer was Thomas Burns. When a member was wanted for any service, the president read his number and requested the person selected to send him his address. Early in March Burns handed him a letter addressed to Dr. Thomas Gallagher, of Greenpoint, L. I., who, upon reading it, told Norman he must go to London, and afterwards gave him \$150 and instructions as to his movements on the other side. Gallagher gave him a small box to take to England, but finding that it contained a suspicious spring, he threw it overboard at sea. Soon after reaching London Gallagher joined him, told him the plans of the dynamite leaders, and sent him to Birmingham for material from a fellow-conspirator's nitro-glycerine factory, which he carried to London only to be arrested by the police.

Norman gave many names, dates, and particulars regarding his residence in this country and his membership of the secret society, which the New York reporters easily substantiated. He said that O'Donovan Rossa was prominent in the scheme, being known as "the old man," and the effect of his revelations is to give the American public a more serious idea of the possible danger from a band of men who have been generally considered mere blather-skites. Rossa and the other Irish leaders in New York, of course, denounce Norman as a perjurer, but they betray some nervousness. His confession has naturally deepened English indignation against Irish-Americans, and has provoked a fresh demand for the punishment of such conspirators on American soil. Meanwhile, the trials of the Phoenix Park assassins go on at Dublin, and another of the gang, Daniel Curley, has been convicted and sentenced to be hanged May 18th. In the case of Timothy Kelly the jury disagreed and a new trial has been ordered. The mysterious "Number One" is now said to be Peter Tynan, and the authorities hope to secure his arrest.

The war upon Nihilism in Russia is being vigorously waged by the Government, and several more leaders have been arrested, among them the redoubtable female Nihilist, Vera Sasulitch. Eighteen agitators have just been convicted at St. Petersburg, six of whom were condemned to death, among the number one of the assassins of the late Czar. Other trials are to be held at Odessa, where fifty persons were arrested for Nihilism last week.

The French have occupied Porta Negra and Loango, in Congo. The Portuguese protest against this action as an infringement on their rights, and a conflict appears imminent. France has also made demands upon the Emperor of Annam, which he is not disposed to allow, and a Chinese squadron is said to have been ordered to cruise in the Tonquin River.

THE memory of Abraham Lincoln brightens as the years go on. At each recurring anniversary of his death fresh honors are heaped upon his grave, and the world recalls anew the story of his loyal fidelity to the ideas of Liberty, Equality and Justice. On the 16th instant, the 18th anniversary of his death, memorial services were held in the mausoleum of the national monument at Springfield, Ill., and subsequently a large concourse of people, passing in, strewed flowers on the sarcophagus. Thus always men honor the names which stand for vital principles and essential truths, and are made better by the influence of their grand examples.

A JOINT resolution, passed by the Tennessee Legislature, recommends that the centenary of the inauguration of General Washington as first President under the federal constitution, be celebrated in the City of New York in 1889. The form of celebration proposed is "a national and international exhibition of science, art, industry, manufactures, agricultural, mineral, and all other resources, developed and undeveloped, of our country, evidencing the intelligent progress made under constitutional government during the past century." Such a commemoration of an event second in importance to no other in our history, would be eminently appropriate, but the country has had such a surfeit of expositions of one sort or another, that it is quite possible it would fail to respond with any measure of enthusiasm to another effort in that direction. Perhaps the best commemoration of the centenary of

Washington's induction into office would be the practical adoption by the people, and the incarnation into the national law and polity, of the principles and ideas which Washington so vigorously commended to the acceptance of his countrymen.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND of New York has again confounded the politicians and delighted the public by an admirable appointment to an important office. The position of Superintendent of the Insurance Department being at his disposal, he has thrust aside the hungry spoils-men who for months had been pushing their "claims" for the place, and has promoted John A. McCall, Jr., who for over ten years has been the efficient deputy, and is better qualified for the higher office than any outsider could possibly be. The appointment is a conspicuous enforcement of civil service principles, and the hearty indorsement which it has met from the public shows how strong a hold this reform has upon the people.

THE high license idea appears to be growing in favor. In Minneapolis, out in Minnesota, the license for saloons, which has heretofore been \$100, has been raised to \$1,500, and in several other Western cities an equal advance in rates has been made, or is in contemplation. There can be no doubt that the license fees heretofore generally levied upon the liquor traffic have been altogether out of proportion to the real value of the privilege conferred, and it is to be hoped that hereafter the State, recognizing the extent of the mischief done by the business, will compel it to contribute its proper quota to the support of the Government and the system of public charities for which it is largely responsible.

WHATEVER the Mormons may lack, they certainly are not deficient in the missionary spirit. They display, in this particular, a zeal and industry which may well challenge the emulation of the whole Christian Church. Last week, sixty-five missionaries, of whom five were women, sailed from this port for Liverpool, with a view of preaching their peculiar gospel throughout the United Kingdom, and within a short time other missionaries have gone to Canada, New Mexico and Texas, while still others have been assigned to other fields. Many of these missionaries, it is said, go forth upon this work at serious personal sacrifice, abandoning their private interests to serve the Church and gather recruits to its ranks. If the war against polygamy were waged with half the zeal and persistency which its supporters display in its defense, its final overthrow would be far more speedy than it now seems likely to be.

THE closing hours of the last session of Congress were unusually free from the jobs which usually bloom at that period, but the record was marred by the success of one most discreditable measure. This was a Bill which provides that all public lands in Alabama, whether mineral or otherwise, shall be opened to agricultural entry, and that entries of land designated as containing coal or iron which have been made upon the allegation that they were agricultural lands, shall be confirmed. The measure was wholly in the interest of a band of unscrupulous speculators, who have already defrauded the Government of over \$7,000,000, by securing large tracts of the valuable coal and iron lands in Northern Alabama as agricultural lands for the paltry sum of \$1.25 per acre under the homestead laws, and who now hope to get possession of the remainder at far less than its real value. There seems to be no redeeming feature about the scheme, and the only possible excuse for its passage, that it was not fully understood, is removed by the fact that Senators Hawley and Edmunds exposed its outrageous character before the final vote.

AMONG the various institutions which, for the relief of suffering and disease, are supported in the Empire State, the Homeopathic Asylum for the Insane, at Middletown, N. Y., holds a unique position. As the only known existing institution of its kind in the country, or, indeed, in the world, it stands alone, in its method of treatment and in its statistics of successful amelioration of the mentally afflicted, the most advanced beacon-light in the constellary of medical science. It is now twelve years since the project of such an asylum was organized, and nine years since patients were first admitted for treatment, and the results justify the faith of its founders. The last annual report shows that nearly 400 patients were under treatment at some time during the year, of whom 69 were discharged recovered and 13 improved, while 240 remained at the end of the year. Insanity spares the adherents of no school of medicine, and the State has done well to furnish believers in homeopathic treatment an asylum where sufferers from mental disease may receive attendance from physicians of that faith. The report of the Medical Superintendent, Dr. Selden H. Talcott, who is undoubtedly "the right man in the right place," is a document of great interest, presenting not only a vivid exhibit of the work of the institution, but an exhaustive discussion of the whole subject of insanity, its alleviation and its cure.

THE development of Mexico is proceeding with rapid strides. Both American and foreign capital is being largely invested, the same day bringing reports of the purchase by a New York lumber merchant of forty square miles of timber land in the State of Michoacan, and the sale of a tract of 1,000,000 acres in Zacatecas to a London syndicate. Whatever contributes to the development of our sister republic will also contribute to our prosperity, and all these movements of capital are, therefore, of interest to our people.

#### PROBLEMS OF THE TIME.

BY HENRY GEORGE.

##### III.

COMING INCREASE OF SOCIAL PRESSURE.

THE trees have not yet begun to leaf, nor even the blossoms to appear; yet passing down the lower part of Broadway these early days of Spring, one breathes a steady current of uncouthly-dressed men and women, carrying bundles and boxes and all manner of baggage. As the season advances, the human current will increase; even in Winter it will not wholly cease its flow. It is the great gulf stream of humanity, which sets from Europe upon America—the greatest migration of peoples since the world began. Other minor branches has the stream. Into Boston and Philadelphia, into Portland, Quebec and Montreal, into New Orleans, Galveston, San Francisco and Victoria, come offshoots of the same current; and as it flows it draws increasing volume from wider sources. Emigration to America has, since 1848, reduced the population of Ireland by more than a third; but as Irish ability to feed the stream declines, English emigration increases; the German outpour becomes so vast as to assume the first proportions, and the millions of Italy, pressed by want as severe as that of Ireland, begin to turn to the emigrant ship as did the Irish. In Castle Garden one may see the garb and hear the speech of all European peoples. From the fjords of Norway, from the mountains of Russia and Hungary, from the mountains of Wallachia, and from Mediterranean shores and islands, once the centre of classic civilization, the great current is fed. Every year increases the facility of its flow. Year by year improvements in steam navigation are practically reducing the distance between the two continents; year by year European railroads are making it easier for interior populations to reach the seaboard, and the telegraph, the newspaper, the schoolmaster and the cheap post, are lessening those objections of ignorance and sentiment to removal that are so strong with people long rooted in one place. Yet, in spite of this great exodus, the population of Europe, as a whole, is steadily increasing.

And across the continent, from east to west, from the older to the newer States, an even greater migration is going on. Our people emigrate more readily than those of Europe, and increasing as European immigration is, it is yet becoming a less and less important factor of our growth, as compared with the natural increase of our population. At Chicago and St. Paul, Omaha and Kansas City, the volume of the westward moving current has increased, not diminished. From what, so short a time ago, was the new West of unbroken prairie and native forest, goes on, as children grow up, a constant migration to a newer West.

This westward expansion of population has gone on steadily since the first settlement of the Eastern shore. It has been the great distinguishing feature in the conditions of our people. Without its possibility we would have been in nothing what we are. Our higher standard of wages and of comfort and of average intelligence, our superior self-reliance, energy, inventiveness, adaptability and assimilative power, spring as directly from this possibility of expansion as does our unprecedented growth. All that we are proud of in national life and national character comes primarily from our background of unused land. We are but transplanted Europeans, and, for that matter, mostly of the "interior classes." It is not usually those whose position is comfortable and whose prospects are bright who emigrate; it is those who are pinched and dissatisfied, those to whom no prospect seems open. There are heralds' colleges in Europe that drive a good business in providing a certain class of Americans with pedigrees and coats-of-arms; but it is probably well for this sort of self-esteem that the majority of us cannot truly trace our ancestry very far. We had some Pilgrim Fathers, it is true; likewise some Quaker fathers, and other sorts of fathers; yet the majority even of the early settlers did not come to America for "freedom to worship God," but because they were poor, dissatisfied, unsuccessful, or recklessly adventurous—many because they were evicted, many to escape imprisonment, many because they were kidnapped, many as self-sold bondsmen, as indentured apprentices, or mercenary soldiers. It is the virtue of new soil, the freedom of opportunity given by the possibility of expansion, that has here transmuted into wholesome human growth material that, had it remained in Europe, might have been degraded and dangerous, just as in Australia the same conditions have made respected and self-respecting citizens out of the descendants of convicts, and even out of convicts themselves.

It may be doubted if the relation of the opening of the New World to the development of modern civilization is yet fully recognized. In many respects the discovery of Columbus has proved the most important event in the history of the European world since the birth of Christ. How important America has been to Europe as furnishing an outlet for the restless, the dissatisfied, the oppressed and the down-trodden; how influences emanating from the freer opportunities and freer life of America have reacted upon European thought and life—we can only begin to realize when we try to imagine what would have been the present condition of Europe had Columbus found only a watery waste between Europe and Asia, or even had he found here a continent populated as India or China, or even Mexico, were populated.

And, correlatively, one of the most momentous events that could happen to the modern world would be the ceasing of this possibility

(Continued on page 158.)

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### Domestic.

WORK on the North River Tunnel is making steady progress.

THE receipts of Mrs. Langtry's twenty-four weeks' tour have been \$229,663.

THE wheat reports from California and the Northwest indicate a bountiful report.

THE Mexican Government expects to establish daily mail service between Mexico and the United States.

THE Ohio Democratic Convention, for the nomination of State officers, will be held in Columbus on June 21st.

THE Parliament House at Quebec was destroyed by fire on the 19th instant. The disaster is attributed to incendiarism.

THERE are two hundred applications for the place on the Mississippi Commission made vacant by Captain Eads's resignation.

THE total value of the exports of domestic breadstuffs during March were \$17,802,275. During March, 1882, they were \$12,414,906.

AT a fire in Sacramento, Cal., on the 20th instant, the roof of a building fell in, killing six persons and severely injuring twelve others.

IN a fight with a gang of tramps at Brainerd, Minn., last week, the village authorities captured six and wounded two or three others.

THE rate of wages in the railroad coal mines of the Pittsburgh region of Pennsylvania has been reduced, and a strike of the miners is anticipated.

THE indictments against General Brady and ex-Senator Kellogg, found by the Washington Grand Jury, have finally been presented in court.

A PARTY of nine colored people, who went to Liberia two years ago, have just returned to North Carolina, homesick and in a pitifully diseased state.

THE cowboys of Texas are on strike, and the great companies, being unwilling to raise their wages, have called on Government for troops to sustain them.

THE charges against Mr. Hill, Supervising Architect of the Treasury, are under investigation. It is claimed that the Government has lost \$10,000,000 by his malfeasance in office.

WORK will soon be begun at Bedloe's Island on the pedestal for the Bartholdi statue. The subscriptions and cash in hand now amount to \$85,000. The total amount needed is \$250,000.

THE centennial of the announcement to Washington's army of the cessation of hostilities between the United States and Great Britain, was celebrated at Newburgh, N. Y., on the 19th instant.

THE New York police made another of their spasmodic raids upon the gamblers last week, making a simultaneous descent upon seven houses and capturing implements valued at \$15,000.

THE New York Woman's Suffrage State Convention, held at Troy last week, elected vice-presidents for every county in the State, and adopted resolutions demanding the ballot for women.

THE Pennsylvania Legislature has rejected the Liquor Prohibitory Amendment. A Bill passed by the State Senate makes it a misdemeanor for one person to "treat" another to any intoxicating beverage.

THE President, after leaving Florida last week, spent a day or two in Savannah, Georgia. Subsequently, on going on board of the *Tallapoosa*, he was seized with a congestive chill, and for a day was seriously sick.

GENERAL HAZEN has informed the weather observers in the West Indies, that, after the 30th instant, reports on cyclones cannot be made, owing to the failure of Congress to make appropriations for the purpose. The stations there will be abandoned.

THE counting of the money in the United States Treasury was completed last week. The count occupied sixty experts nineteen days, coin and notes to the value of \$467,338,632 53, being examined. An excess of three cents was found in favor of the late Treasurer, Mr. Giddilan.

THE New Orleans Presbyterian Synod of the Mississippi Presbyterian Church has adopted a report that the marriage of a man with the sister of his deceased wife is not prohibited by divine law; that blood relationship continues, but that marriage affinity lasts only during life.

A BILL just passed by the Ohio Legislature imposes a tax of \$300 upon Spiritualistic mediums. The intention of the framers of the law was to compel the mediums, fortune-tellers, astrologers, etc., to contribute their share towards the support of government, but the Spiritualists see in the new law a blow at their religion, and will oppose it by every means at their command.

THE War Department is making preparations to suppress any Indian outbreak that may occur. Seven hundred recruits are already on their way to various regiments in the Department of the Columbia, New Mexico, Arizona and the Indian Territory. General Crook has already moved into the mountains of Mexico in pursuit of the Apaches. The Mexican troops will co-operate with him.

##### Foreign.

A COPYRIGHT convention between Germany and France has been signed.

A STATUE of Lord Beaconsfield was unveiled in Parliament Square, London, last week.

IT is said that Admiral Baldwin will represent the United States at the Czar's coronation.

A FIRE at Delhi, India, last week, destroyed 2,000 houses, and made hundreds of families homeless.

CLUBS are about to be organized in the State of Vera Cruz to promote the election of General Diaz as President of Mexico in 1884.

PRINCE KRAPOTKINE, who, with several other persons, was some time ago convicted at Lyons of Nihilism and sentenced to prison, is seriously ill.

ADVICES from Tamatav, Madagascar, state that the natives are busily engaged in making weapons. They declare that they will not surrender an inch of territory to the French invaders.

A DEPUTATION has presented the Crown Prince of Germany and his wife a large sum of money which was raised for them at the time of their silver wedding. The Crown Prince intends to apply the money for furthering the welfare of the people.

THE International Polar Commission announces that, owing to the decision of the American and other governments not to prolong the polar observations at the different stations, all expeditions, excepting where they are ice bound, will return to their homes next September.



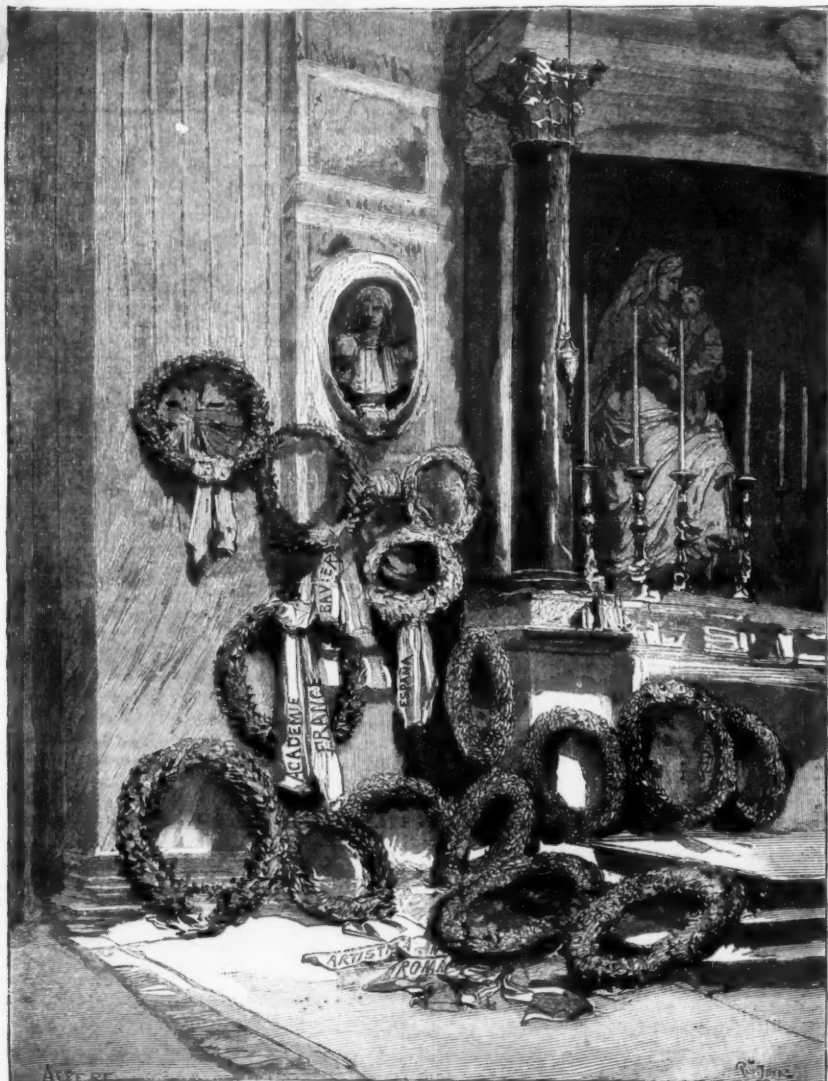
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 155.



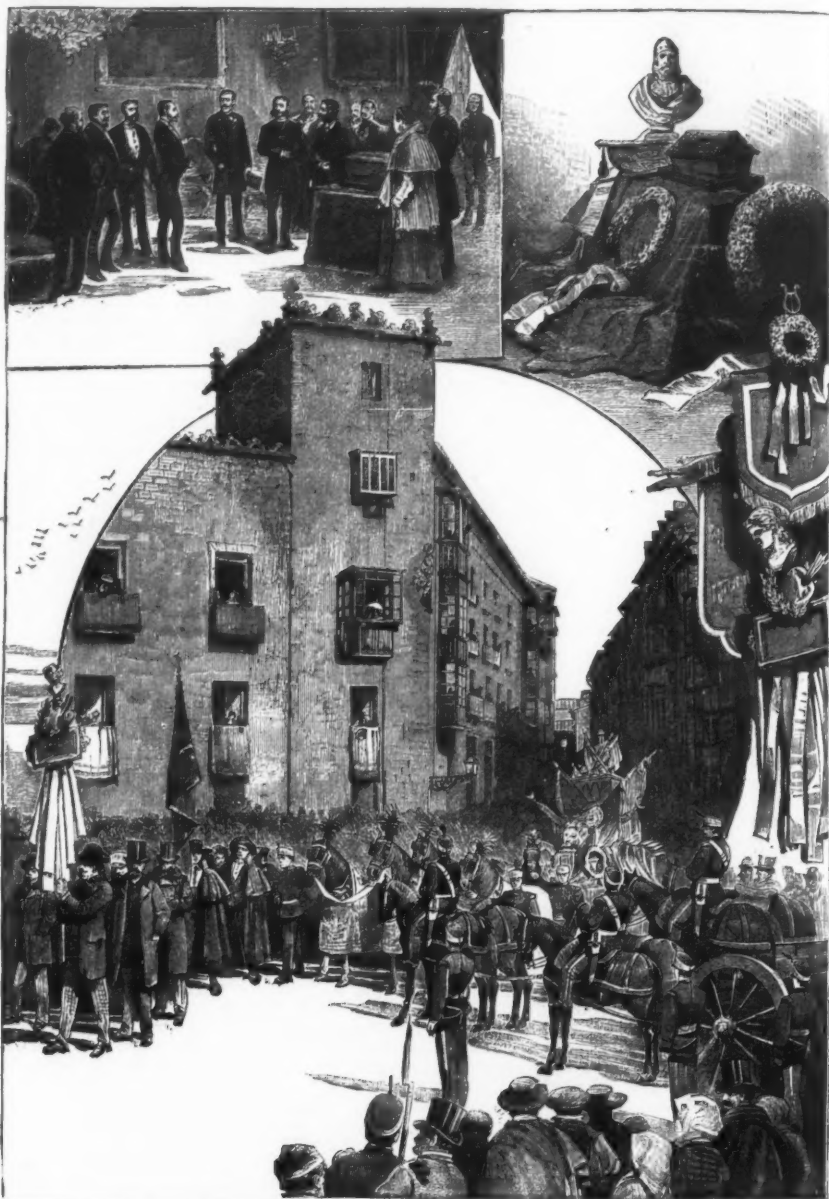
GREAT BRITAIN.—ENTHRONEMENT OF THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL, MARCH 29TH.



SPAIN.—"BLACK HAND" ANARCHISTS LEAVING THE PRISON OF JEREZ, UNDER MILITARY ESCORT, FOR THE PRISON AT CADIZ.

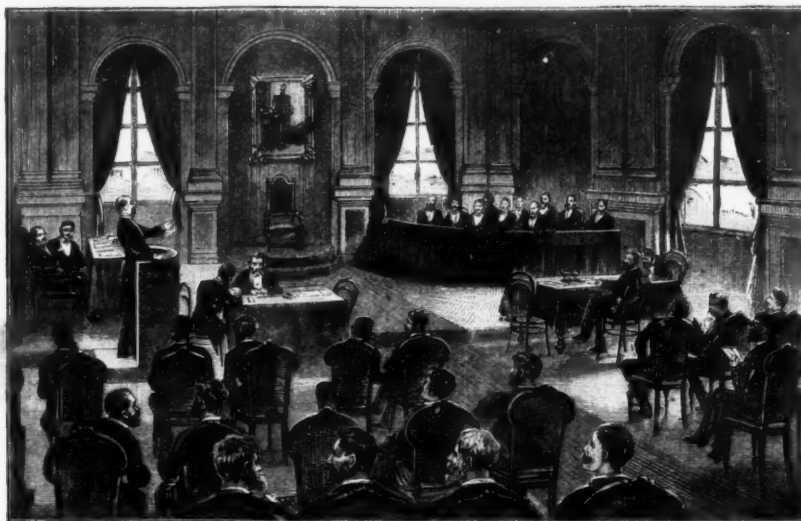


ITALY.—THE FOURTH CENTENARY OF RAPHAEL.—THE TOMB OF RAPHAEL IN THE PANTHEON AT ROME, MARCH 28TH.

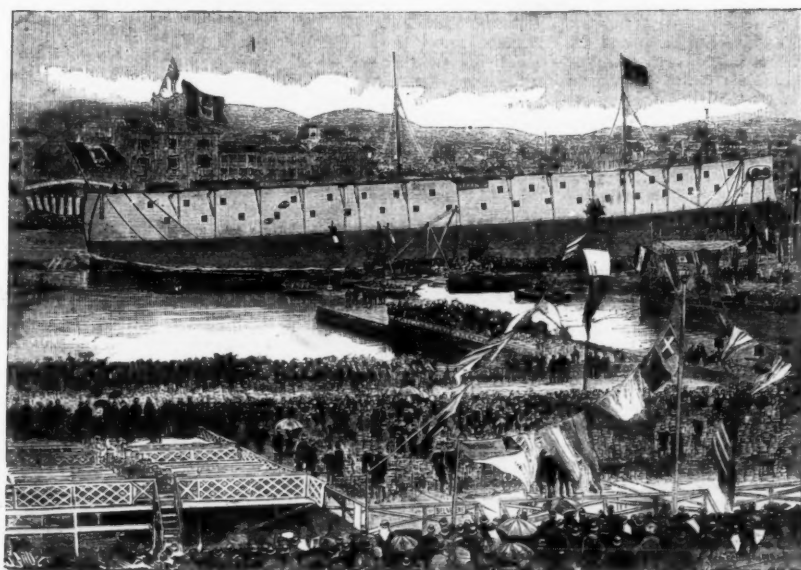


1. The King delivering the Urn with the Remains. 2. The Urn. 3. The Procession passing the ancient Palace of the Constables of Castile.

SPAIN.—THE REMAINS OF THE CID DELIVERED TO THE MUNICIPALITY OF BURGOS.



BULGARIA.—HALL OF THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY AT SOFIA.



ITALY.—THE LAUNCH OF THE ITALIAN WAR-SHIP "LEPANTO."





HAND AND RING.—“‘LOOK OUT,’ CRIED THE DETECTIVE, ‘OR YOU WILL GET YOURSELF INTO TROUBLE,’ AND HE TIGHTENED HIS GRIP ON THE OLD CREATURE’S ARM.”—SEE PAGE 154.

#### UNVAILING THE PROFESSOR HENRY STATUE.

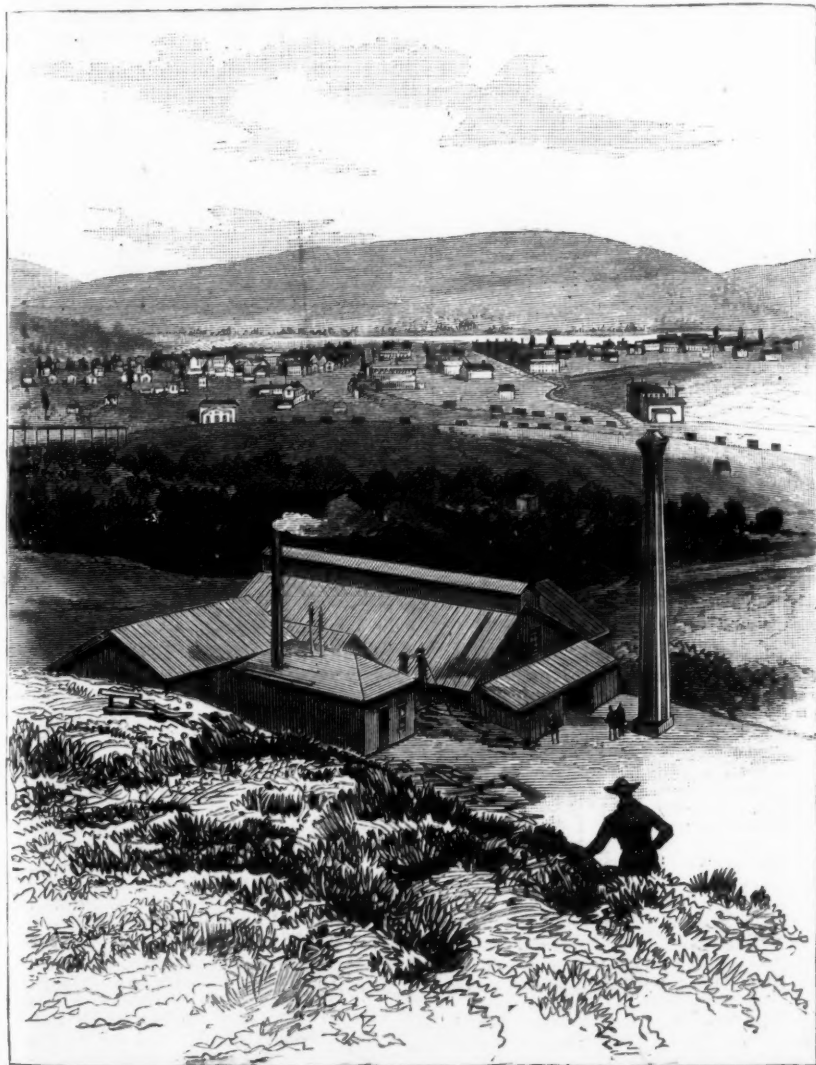
THE statue of the late Professor Henry, the first Secretary and Director of the Smithsonian Institution, which has been erected on the Smithsonian grounds, at Washington, was unveiled on the 19th inst., with appropriate ceremonies, in the presence of a large concourse of spectators, including many persons distinguished in the social, political,

literary, and scientific world. An appropriation of \$15,000 was made by Congress in 1880 for the erection of this statue, the work to be executed by William Wetmore Storey, the well-known American sculptor. It is of bronze, of heroic size, and is mounted upon a pedestal of polished red beach and Quincy gray granite. It represents the Professor in a standing position, and in an attitude of studious contemplation, his right arm gathering about him the folds of an academic gown. The cere-

monies consisted of music, including airs by the Marine Band, and grand chorals by the singing societies of the district, prayer by Dr. Hodges, of Princeton College, an address and the unveiling of the statue by Chief Justice Waite, and an oration by President Noah Porter, of Yale College. As Justice Waite pulled the ropes to unveil the statue and the canvas fell to the ground, the band and choristers rendered Haydn's grand chorus, "The Heavens are Telling," with fine effect.

#### THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

As the Brooklyn Bridge finally approaches completion, public interest in the progress of the work becomes livelier, and the finishing touches, which are just now being put upon the wonderful structure, absorb the attention of all who have occasion to cross the East River ferries. A force of painters have been for some days employed in laying coats of white and buff on the trusses, cross braces



COLORADO.—THE CITY OF DURANGO, 6,500 FEET ABOVE THE SEA-LEVEL. SEE PAGE 155.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—STATUE OF PROFESSOR JOSEPH HENRY, IN THE SMITHSONIAN PARK, UNVAILD APRIL 19TH—PHOTO. BY BRADY.



and girders of the elevated railway which runs on each side of the promenade, and to the people below it seems though they were treading on a mere thread as they make their way along. But the objects of greater interest are the riggers, slung enfilade in their boatwain's chairs at the intersections of the gray network made by the slanting stays and perpendicular suspenders. Each rigger is provided with a large ball of marlin, or tarred line, with which he lashes the stays and suspenders together until the little diamond-shaped spaces are perfect in form. This is done so that when the superstructure is lowered by means of the screws at the base of the suspenders the strain will be equally distributed. The marlin lashings are only temporary and will shortly be replaced by permanent iron clamps. The riggers are all regular sailors, and, seen from a ferry-boat a little distance above or below the bridge, they appear like spiders spinning their web among the wires.

After so many disappointments that the public has grown incredulous, it is at last evident that the end of the great work is near at hand, and it will not be many weeks before the vast tide of travel and traffic will begin to set to and fro across this wonderful bridge. The formal opening is now fixed for May 24th. The programme, so far as it is outlined, for the opening ceremonies includes speech-making and a walk by a selected party over the bridge. About 10,000 invitations will be sent out to various parts of the country to officials, National and State.

## HAND AND RING.

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By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN,

AUTHOR OF "THE LEAVENWORTH CASE," "THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES," "THE DEFENSE OF THE BRIDE," ETC., ETC.

BOOK I.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM TOLEDO.

SYNOPSIS.

THE story opens at the doorway of the court-house of the provincial town of Sibley. The court had taken a recess, and the prominent lawyers, who had taken part in the proceedings of the morning, were gathered around it awaiting the recommencement of the trial. As they are lounging away the time of the recess, a rough-looking hunchback, with the appearance of a tramp, approached them, and unceremoniously joined in the conversation, which turned upon the habits of criminals. He surprises the judge and the lawyers gathered around by his stating his theory of crime, more especially of murder, from which they deduce a most unfavorable opinion of the speaker. After a time he strolls away, while they continue their argument. This is ended by Mr. Orcutt, one of the prominent lawyers, announcing that he must visit a cottage a short distance from the court-house, where he is accustomed to get his dinner when engaged in court. The owner of the cottage is a widow in good circumstances, but solitary habits, living by herself, without any servant. He then walks towards the cottage, which he enters. In a few minutes he hastily returns, and beckons to them in an agitated manner. Mr. Lord and Mr. Ferris hastily cross over, and are startled by Mr. Orcutt crying out: "There has been a murder. Mrs. Clemmens, my hostess, has been struck on her head, and is lying covered with blood at the head of her dinner-table."

"Wait a minute," cries the District-attorney, and he beckoned to the young man, Byrd, who was a detective, and instructs him to go to Hunt, the constable, and tell him to arrest the hunchback, who had talked so learnedly about murder.

The young man started to fulfill his mission, while the others, consisting of Mr. Lord, Ferris and Orcutt, enter the cottage. On entering the room where the dinner was set they found the prostrate figure of the widow, her head bleeding, her arms extended, one hand grasping her watch, which she had loosened from her belt, the other stretched towards a stick of firewood, which, from the blood-stains upon it, had evidently been the weapon used by her assailant. While they watched her with a sickening sense of horror, she gave a slight sign of life. And as they were going to dispatch for the coroner, that official, with a crowd of others, arrived. The breathing form of the almost dead woman was laid upon the bed of her room, which adjoined the parlor, and a doctor watched the result. Robbery did not seem to be the impelling motive of the murderer, for the victim had her watch in her hand, and a quantity of loose coin was on the table. In the meantime the detective had returned, stating that Hunt, the constable, had gone in pursuit of the hunchback, and that he had in custody the tramp that had been prowling about the court all the morning, and whom he considered as being more likely than the other to have committed the deed.

An hour and a half had elapsed since the unhappy widow was laid on her bed, where she still remained in an unconscious state. At this minute a young girl entered from the street; she was large, tall and majestic, and had a very noble and beautiful countenance. When she was told what had happened, a wonderful change came over her face—had she been less vigorous she would have staggered. As it was, she seemed, by a great effort, to summon up all her faculties. She then entered the cottage, where the widow lay, scarcely breathing, but not yet dead.

The appearance of this young lady seemed to interest and surprise all, while Mr. Orcutt, the lawyer, several times suggested the propriety of her returning home, but she seemed to pay no attention to his request. In the meantime, Byrd, the detective, watched her with great interest—almost suspicion. At length he picked up a diamond ring, which she appeared to have been attempting to conceal with her foot, and asked her if it belonged to her. She claimed it, and put it on her finger, much to the apparent surprise of Mr. Orcutt.

The slight stir he made in crossing the room seemed to break a spell and restore the minds of all present to their proper balance. Mr. Orcutt threw off the shadow that had momentarily disturbed his quiet and assured mien, and, advancing once more, held out his arm with even more kindness than before, saying, impressively: "Now, you will surely consent to accompany me home. You cannot mean to remain here any longer, can you, Imogene?"

But before she could reply, before her hand could lay itself upon his arm, a sudden hush like that of awe passed solemnly through the room, and the physician who had been set to watch over the dying gasps of the poor sufferer within appeared on the threshold of the bedroom-door, holding up his hand with a look that at once commanded attention and awoke the most painful expectancy in the hearts of all who beheld him.

"She stirs," she moves her lips," he announced, and again paused, listening.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED).

IMMEDIATELY there was a sound from the dimness behind him, a low sound, inarticulate at first, but presently growing loud enough and plain enough to be heard in the utmost recesses of the furthestmost room on that floor.

"Hand! ring!" was the burden of the short ejaculation they heard. "Ring! hand!" till a sudden gasp cut short the fearful iteration, and all was silent again.

"Great heavens!" came in an awestruck whisper from Mr. Ferris, as he pressed hastily towards the place from which these words had issued.

But the physician at once stopped and silenced him.

"She may speak again," he suggested. "Wait."

But, though they listened breathlessly, and with ever-growing suspense, no further break occurred in the deep silence, and soon the doctor announced:

"She has sunk back into her old state; she may rouse again, and she may not."

As though released from some painful tension, the coroner, the District-attorney and the detective all looked up. They found Miss Dare standing by the open window, with her face turned to the landscape, and Mr. Orcutt gazing at her with an expression of perplexity that had almost the appearance of dismay. This look passed instantly from the lawyer's countenance as he met the eyes of his friends, but Mr. Byrd, who was still smarting under a sense of his late defeat, could not but wonder what that gentleman had seen in Miss Dare, during the period of their late preoccupation, to call up such an expression to his usually keen and composed face.

The clench of her white hand on the window-sill told nothing; but when in a few minutes later she turned towards them again, Mr. Byrd saw, or thought he saw, the last lingering remains of a great horror fading out of her eyes, and was not surprised when she walked up to Mr. Orcutt and said, somewhat harshly: "I wish to go home now. This place is a terrible one to be in."

Mr. Orcutt, who was only too glad to comply with her request, again offered her his arm. But anxious as both appeared to quit the house, they were not allowed to do so without experiencing another shock. Just as they were passing the door of the room where the wounded woman lay, the physician in attendance again appeared before them with that silently uplifted hand.

"Hush!" said he. "She stirs again. I think she is going to speak."

And once more that terrible suspense held each and every one enthralled: once more that faint, inarticulate murmur eddied through the house, growing gradually into speech—that time took a form that curdled the blood of the listeners and made Mr. Orcutt and the young woman at his side drop apart from each other as though a dividing sword had passed between them.

"May the vengeance of Heaven light upon the head of him who has brought me to this pass," were the words that now rose ringing and clear from that bed of death. "May the fate that has come upon me be visited upon him, measure for measure, blow for blow, death for death."

Strange and awe-inspiring words that drew a pall over that house and made the dumbest person there gasp for breath. In the silence that followed—a silence that could be felt—the white faces of lawyer and physician, coroner and detective, turned and confronted each other. But the young lady who lingered in their midst looked at no one, turned to no one. Shuddering and white, she stood gazing before her as if she already beheld that retributive hand descending upon the head of the guilty; then, as she awoke to the silence of those around her, gave a quick start and flashed forward to the door and so out into the street before Mr. Orcutt could rouse himself sufficiently from the stupor of the moment to follow her.

CHAPTER III.—THE UNFINISHED LETTER.

"Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now." —MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

"WOULD there be any indiscretion in my asking who that young lady is?" inquired Mr. Byrd of Mr. Ferris, as, after ascertaining that the stricken sufferer still breathed, they stood together in a distant corner of the dining-room.

"No," returned the other, in a low tone, with a glance in the direction of the lawyer, who was just re-entering the house after an unsuccessful effort to rejoin the person of whom they were speaking. "She is a Miss Dare, a young lady much admired in this town, and believed by many to be on the verge of matrimony with—"

He nodded towards Mr. Orcutt, and discreetly forbore to finish the sentence.

"Ah!" exclaimed the youthful detective, "I understand." And he cast a look of suddenly awakened interest at the man who, up to this time, he had merely regarded as a more than usually acute criminal lawyer.

He saw a small, fair, alert man, of some forty years of age, of a good carriage, easy manner, and refined cast of countenance, overshadowed now by a secret anxiety he vainly tried to conceal. He was not as handsome as Coroner Tredwell, nor as well built as Mr. Ferris, yet he was, without doubt, the most striking-looking man in the room, and, to the masculine eyes of the detective, seemed at first glance to be a person to win the admiration, if not the affection, of women.

"She appears to take a great interest in this affair," he ventured again, looking back at Mr. Ferris.

"Yes, that is woman's way," replied the other, lightly, without any hint of secret feeling or curiosity. "Besides, she is an inscrutable girl, always surprising you by her emotions—or by her lack of them," he added, dismissing the topic with a wave of his hand.

"Which is also woman's way," remarked Mr. Byrd, retiring into his shell, from which he had momentarily thrust his head.

"Does it not strike you that there are rather more persons present than are necessary for the purposes of justice?" asked the lawyer, now coming forward with a look of rather pointed significance at the youthful stranger.

Mr. Ferris at once spoke up. "Mr. Orcutt,"

said he, "let me introduce to you Mr. Byrd, of New York. He is a member of the police force, and has been rendering me assistance in the case just adjourned."

"A detective!" repeated the other, eying the young man with a critical eye. "It is a pity, sir," he finally observed, "that your present duties will not allow you to render service to justice in this case of mysterious assault." And with a bow of more kindness than Mr. Byrd had reason to look for, he went slowly back to his former place near the door that hid the suffering woman from sight.

However kindly expressed, Mr. Byrd felt that he had received his dismissal, and was about to withdraw, when the coroner, who had been absent from their midst for the last few minutes, approached them from the foot of the stairs, and tapped the detective on the arm.

"I want you," said he.

Mr. Byrd bowed, and with a glance towards the District Attorney, who returned him a nod of approval, went quickly out with the coroner.

"I hear you are a detective," observed the latter, taking him up-stairs into a room which he carefully locked behind them. "A detective on the spot in a case like this is valuable; are you willing to assume the duties of your profession and act for justice in this matter?"

"Dr. Tredwell," returned the young man, instantly conscious of a vague, inward shrinking from meddling further in the affair, "I am not at present master of my proceedings. To say nothing of the obedience I owe my superiors at home, I am just now engaged in assisting Mr. Ferris in the somewhat pressing matter now before the court, and do not know whether it would meet with his approval to have me mix up matters in this way."

"Mr. Ferris is a reasonable man," said the coroner. "If his consent is all that is necessary—"

"But it is not, sir. I must have orders from New York."

"Oh, as to that, I will telegraph at once."

But still the young man hesitated, lounging in his easy way against the table by which he had taken his stand.

"Dr. Tredwell," suggested he, "you must have men in this town amply able to manage such a matter as this. A woman struck in broad daylight and a man already taken up on suspicion! 'Tis simple, surely; intricate measures are not wanted here."

"So you still think it is the tramp that struck her?" quoth the coroner, a trifle baffled by the other's careless manner.

"I still think it was not the man who sat in court all the morning and held me fascinated by his eye."

"Ah, he held you fascinated, did he?" repeated the other, a trifle suspiciously.

"Well, that is," Mr. Byrd allowed, with the least perceptible loss of his easy bearing, "he made me look at him more than once. A wandering eye always attracts me, and his wandered constantly."

"Humph! and you are sure he was in the court every minute of the morning?"

"There must be other witnesses who can testify to that," answered the detective, with the perceptible irritation of one weary of a subject which he feels he has already amply discussed.

"Well," said the other, dropping his eyes from the young man's countenance to a sheet of paper he was holding in his hand, "whatever rôle this hunchback has played in the tragedy now occupying us, whether he be a wizard, a secret accomplice, a fool who cannot keep his own secret, or a traitor who cannot preserve that of his tools, this affair, as you call it, is not likely to prove the simple matter you seem to consider it. The victim, if not her town's folk, knew that she possessed an enemy, and this half-finished letter which I have found on her table, raises the question whether a common tramp, with no motives but that of theft or brutal revenge, was the one to meditate the fatal blow, even if he were the one to deal it."

A perceptible light flickered into the eyes of Mr. Byrd, and he glanced with a new but unmistakable interest at the letter, though he failed to put out his hand for it, even though the coroner held it towards him.

"Thank you," said he, "but if I do not take the case, it would be better for me not to meddle any further with it."

"But you are going to take it," cried the other, with temper, his anxiety to secure this man's services increasing with the opposition he so unaccountably received. "The officers at the detective bureau in New York are not going to send another man up here when there is already one on the spot. And a man from New York I am determined to have. A crime like this shall not go unpunished in this town, whatever it may do in a great city like yours. We don't have so many murder cases that we need to stint ourselves in the luxury of professional assistance."

"But," protested the young man, still determined to hold back, whatever arguments might be employed or inducements offered him, "how do you know I am the man for your work? We have many sorts and kinds of detectives in our bureau. Some for one kind of business, some for another; the following up of a criminal is not mine."

"What, then, is yours?" asked the coroner, not yielding a jot of his determination.

The detective was silent.

"Read the letter," persisted Dr. Tredwell, shrewdly conscious that if once the young man's professional instinct was aroused, all the puerile objections which influenced him would immediately vanish.

There was no resisting that air of command. Taking the letter in his hand, the young man read:

"DEAR EMILY—I don't know why I sit down to write to you to-day. I have plenty to do, and morning is no time for indulging in sentimentalities; but I feel strangely lonely and strangely anxious."

Nothing goes just to my mind, and somehow the many causes for secret fear which I have always had, assume an undue prominence in my mind. It is always so when I am not quite well. In vain I reason with myself, saying that mere impatience for money would never lead persons of respectability into crime. But there are so many to whom my death would be more than welcome, that I constantly see myself in the act of being—"

"Struck, shot, murdered," suggested Dr. Tredwell, perceiving the young man's eye lingering over the broken sentence.

"The words are not there," remonstrated Mr. Byrd; but the tone of his voice showed that his professional complacency had been disturbed at last.

The other did not answer, but waited with the wisdom of the trapper who sees the quarry nosing round the toils.

"There is evidently some family mystery," the young man continued, glancing again at the letter. "But," he remarked, "Mr. Orcutt is a good friend of hers, and can probably tell us what it all means."

"Very likely," the other admitted, "if we choose to ask him."

Quick as lightning the young man's glance flashed to the coroner's face.

"You would rather not put the question to him?" he inquired.

"No. As he is the lawyer who, in all probability, will be employed by the criminal in this case, I am sure he would rather not be mixed up in any preliminary investigation of the affair."

The young man's eye did not waver. He appeared to take a secret resolve.

"Has it not struck you," he insinuated, "that Mr. Orcutt might have other reasons for not wishing to give any expression of opinion in regard to it?"

The surprise in the coroner's eye was his best answer.

"No," he rejoined.

Mr. Byrd at once resumed all his old nonchalance.

"The young lady who was here, appeared to show such agitated interest in this horrible crime, I thought that, in kindness to her, he might wish to keep out of the affair as much as possible."

"Miss Dare? Bless your heart, she would not restrict him in any way. Her interest in the matter is purely one of curiosity. It has been carried, perhaps, to a somewhat unusual length for a woman of her position and breeding. But that is all, I assure you. Miss Dare's eccentricities are well known in this town."

"Then the diamond ring was really hers?" Mr. Byrd was about to inquire, but stopped; something in his memory of this beautiful woman made it impossible for him to disturb the confidence of the coroner in her behalf, at least while his own doubts were so vague and shadowy.

The coroner, however, observed the young detective's hesitation, and smiled.

"Are you thinking of Miss Dare as having anything to do with this shocking affair?" he asked.

Mr. Byrd shook his head, but could not hide the flush that stole up over his forehead.

The coroner actually laughed, a low, soft, decorous laugh, but none the less one of decided amusement. "Your line is not in the direction of spotting criminals, I must allow," said he. "Why, Miss Dare is not only as irreproachable a young lady as we have in this town, but she is a perfect stranger to this woman and all her concerns. I doubt if she even knew her name till to-day."

A laugh is often more potent than argument. The face of the detective lighted up, and he looked very manly and very handsome as he returned the letter to the coroner, saying, with a sweep of his hand as if he tossed an unworthy doubt away for ever:

"Well, I do not wish to appear obstinate. If this woman dies, and the inquest fails to reveal who her assailant is, I will apply to New York for leave to work up the case; that is, if you continue to desire my assistance. Meanwhile—"

"You will keep your eyes open," intimated the coroner, taking back the letter and putting it carefully away in his breast-pocket. "And now, mum?"

Mr. Byrd bowed, and they went together down the stairs.

It was by this time made certain that the dying woman was destined to linger on for some hours. She was completely unconscious, and her breath barely lifted the clothes that lay over the slowly laboring breast: but such vitality as there was held its own with scarcely perceptible change, and the doctor thought it might be midnight before the solemn struggle would end. "In the meantime, expect nothing," he exclaimed; "she has said her last word. What remains will be a mere sinking into the eternal sleep."

This being so, Mr. Orcutt and Mr. Ferris decided to leave. Mr. Byrd saw them safely out, and proceeded to take one or two private observations of his own. They consisted mostly in noting the precise position of the various doors in reference to the hearth where the stick was picked up, and the clock where the victim was attacked. Or, so the coroner gathered from the direction which Mr. Byrd's eye took in its travels over the scene of action, and the diagram which he hastily drew on the back of an envelope. The table was noticed, too, and an inventory of its articles taken, after which he opened the side-door and looked carefully out into the lane.

To observe him now with his quick eye flashing from spot to spot, his head lifted, and a visible air of determination infused through his whole bearing, you would scarcely recognize the easy, gracefully indolent youth who, but a little while before, lounged against the tables and chairs, and met the most penetrating eye with the sleepy gaze of a totally uninterested man. Dr. Tredwell, alert to the change, tapped the letter in his pocket complacently. "I have roused up a weasel," he



mentally decided, and congratulated himself accordingly.

It was two o'clock when Mr Byrd went forth to join Mr. Ferris in the court-room. As he stepped from the door, he encountered, to all appearance, just the same crowd that had incumbered its entrance a half hour before. Even the old crone had not moved from her former position, and, seeing him fairly pounced upon him with question after question, all of which he parried with a nonchalant dexterity that drew shout after shout from those who stood by, and, finally, as he thought, won him the victory, for, with an angry shake of the head, she ceased her importunities, and presently let him pass. He hastened to improve the chance to gain for himself the refuge of the streets; and, having done this, stood for an instant parleying with a trembling young girl, whose real distress and anxiety seemed to merit some attention. Fatal delay. In that instant the old woman had got in front of him, and, when he arrived at the head of the street, he found her there.

"Now," said she, with full blown triumph in her venomous eyes, "perhaps you will tell me something! You think I am a mumbling old woman who don't know what she is bothering herself about. But I tell you that I've not kept my eyes and ears open for seventy five years in this wicked world without knowing a bit of the devil's own work when I see it." Here her face grew quite hideous, and her eyes gleamed with an aspect of gloating over the evil she alluded to, that quite sickened the young man, accustomed though he was to the worst phases of moral depravity. Leaning forward, she peered inquiringly in his face. "What has she to do with it?" she suddenly asked, emphasizing the pronoun with an expressive leer.

"She?" he repeated, starting back. "Yes, she; the pretty young lady, the pert and haughty Miss Dare, that had but to speak to make the whole crowd stand back? What has she to do with it, I say? Something, or she wouldn't be here!"

"I don't know what you are talking about," he replied, conscious of a strange and unaccountable dismay at thus hearing his own passing doubt put into words by this vile and repellent being. "Miss Dare is a stranger. She has nothing to do either with this affair or the poor woman who has suffered by it. Her interest is purely one of sympathy."

"Hi! and you call yourself a smart one, I dare say." And the old creature ironically chuckled. "Well, well, what fools men are! They see a pretty face, and blind themselves to what is written on it as plain as black writing on a white wall. They call it sympathy, and never stop to ask why she, of all the soft-hearted gals in the town, should be the only one to burst into that house like an avenging spirit! But it's all right," she went on, in a bitterly satirical tone. "A crime like this can't be covered up however much you may try; and sooner or later we will all know whether this young lady has had anything to do with Mrs. Clemmens's murder or not."

"Stop!" cried Mr. Byrd, struck in spite of himself by the look of meaning with which she said these last words. "Do you know anything against Miss Dare which other folks do not? If you do, speak, and let me hear at once what it is. But—" he felt very angry, though he could not for the moment tell why—"if you are only talking to gratify your spite, and have nothing to tell me except the fact that Miss Dare appeared shocked and anxious when she came out of the house just now, look out what use you make of her name or you will get yourself into trouble. Mr. Orcutt and Mr. Ferris are not men to let you go babbling round town about a young lady of estimable character." And he tightened the grip he had taken upon her arm and looked at her threateningly.

The effect was instantaneous. Slipping from his grasp, she gazed at him with a sinister expression and edged slowly away.

"I know anything," she repeated. "What should I know? I only say the young lady's face tells a very strange story. If you are too dull or too obstinate to read it, it's nothing to me." And with another leer and a quick look up and down the street, as if she half feared to encounter one or both of the two lawyers whose names he had mentioned, she marched quickly away, wagging her head and looking back as she went, as much as to say, "You have hushed me up for this time, young man, but don't congratulate yourself too much. I have still a tongue in my head, and the day may come when I can use it without any fear of being stopped by you."

Mr. Byrd, who was not very well pleased with himself or the way he had managed this interview, watched her till she was out of sight, and then turned thoughtfully towards the court-house. The fact was, he felt both agitated and confused. In the first place, he was disconcerted at discovering the extent of the impression that had evidently been made upon him by the beauty of Miss Dare, since nothing short of a deep, unconscious admiration for her personal attributes, and a strong and secret dread of having his lately-acquired confidence in her again disturbed, could have led him to treat the insinuations of this babbling old wretch in such a cavalier manner. Any other detective would have seized with avidity upon the opportunity of hearing what she had to say on such a subject and would have not only coaxed her into confidence, but led her on to talk until he had got from her all that was on her mind. But in the stress of a feeling to which he was not anxious to give a name, he had forgotten that he was a detective, and remembered only that he was a man; and the consequence was that he had frightened the old creature, and cut short words that it was possibly his business to hear. In the second place, he felt himself in a quandary as regarded Miss Dare. If, as was more than possible, she was really the inno-

cent woman the coroner considered her, and the insinuations, if not threats, to which he had been listening were simply the result of a wicked old woman's privately nurtured hatred, how could he reconcile it to his duty as a man or even as a detective, to let this day pass without warning her, or the eminent lawyer who honored her with his regard, of the danger in which she stood from this creature's venomous tongue.

As he sat in court that afternoon, with his eye upon Mr. Orcutt, beneath whose ordinary aspect of quiet, sarcastic attention he thought he could detect the secret workings of a deep, personal perplexity, if not of actual alarm, he asked himself what he would wish done if he were that man, and a scandal of a debasing character threatened the peace of one allied to him by the most endearing ties. "Would I wish to be informed of it?" he queried. "I most certainly should," was the inward reply.

And so it was that, after the adjournment of court, he approached Mr. Orcutt, and leading him respectfully aside, said, with visible reluctance:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but a fact has come to my knowledge to-day with which I think you ought to be made acquainted. It is in reference to the young lady who was with us at Mrs. Clemmens's house this morning. Did you know, sir, that she had an enemy in this town?"

Mr. Orcutt, whose thoughts had been very much with that young lady since she left him so unceremoniously a few hours before, started and looked at Mr. Byrd with surprise which was not without its element of distrust.

"An enemy?" he repeated. "An enemy? What do you mean?"

"What I say, Mr. Orcutt. As I came out of Mrs. Clemmens's house this afternoon, an old hag whose name I do not know, but whom you will probably have no difficulty in recognizing, seized me by the arm and made me the recipient of insinuations and threats against Miss Dare, which, however foolish and unfounded, betrayed an animosity and desire to injure her that is worthy your attention."

"You are very kind," exclaimed Mr. Orcutt, with increased astonishment and a visible constraint, "but I do not understand you. What insinuations or threats could this woman have to make against a young lady of Miss Dare's position and character?"

"It is difficult for me to tell you," acknowledged Mr. Byrd; "but the vicious old creature presumed to say that Miss Dare must have had a special and secret interest in this murder, or she would not have gone as she did to that house. Of course," pursued the detective, discreetly dropping his eyes from the lawyer's face, "I did what I could to show her the folly of her suspicions, and tried to make her see the trouble she would bring upon herself if she persisted in expressing them; but I fear I only succeeded in quieting her for the moment, and that she will soon be attacking others with this foolish story."

Mr. Orcutt who, whatever his own doubts or apprehensions, could not fail to have been totally unprepared for a communication of this kind, gave utterance to a fierce and bitter exclamation, and fixed upon the detective his keen and piercing eye.

"Tell me just what she said," he demanded.

"I will try to do so," returned Mr. Byrd. And calling to his aid a very excellent memory, he gave a *verbatim* account of the conversation that had passed between him and the old woman. Mr. Orcutt listened, as he always did, without interruption or outward demonstration; but when the recital was over and Mr. Byrd ventured to look at him once more, he noticed that he was very pale and greatly changed in expression. Being himself in a position to understand somewhat of the other's emotion, he regained by an effort that air of polite nonchalance that became him so well, and quickly suggested: "Miss Dare will, of course, be able to explain herself."

The lawyer flashed upon him a quick glance.

"I hope you have no doubts on the subject," he said; then, as the detective's eye fell a trifle before his, paused and looked at him with the self-possession gained in fifteen years of practice in the criminal courts, and said: "I am Miss Dare's best friend. I know her well, and can truly say that not only is her character above reproach, but that I know of no circumstances that could in any way connect her with this crime. Nevertheless, the incidents of the day have been such as to make it desirable for her to explain herself, and this, as you say, she will probably have no difficulty in doing. If you will, therefore, wait till to-morrow before taking any one else into your confidence, I promise you to see Miss Dare myself, and, from her own lips, learn the cause of her peculiar interest in this affair. Meanwhile, let me request you to put a curb upon your imagination, and not allow it to soar too high into the regions of idle speculation."

And he held out his hand to the detective with a smile whose vain attempt at unconcern affected Mr. Byrd more than a violent outbreak would have done. It betrayed so unmistakably that his own secret doubts were not without an echo in the breast of this eminent lawyer.

(To be continued.)

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### An Archbishop's Enthronement.

The enthronement of the Archbishop of Canterbury, which occurred in the historic City of Canterbury on March 20th, was an occasion of imposing ceremonies. Dr. Edward White Benson, lately Bishop of Truro, was to be formally "inducted, installed and enthroned" as Primate of all England and Archbishop of the Southern Province, and not a few of the visitors, who crowded the great cathedral to its utmost capacity, were his friends who had come all the way from Cornwall. At eleven o'clock the western doors of the cathedral were thrown open, and the procession which accompanied the Primate entered. First came the Mayor and Town

Councillors, then, chanting Psalms, the choir, who were followed by some four hundred clergy in white robes, and with red, blue and purple hoods, about twenty bishops bringing up the rear. Next came a silver-mace bearer, behind whom walked the Primate, accompanied by the dean and vice-dean. After the singing of the "Hallelujah Chorus," the Archbishop made his affirmation, declaring that he would maintain the rights and liberties of the Church. Then followed the morning service, and after the first lesson the Archbishop was conducted to the throne, where the mandate of enthronement was presented to the Archbishop of Canterbury and read aloud by the Registrar, after which the Archbishop pronounced in Latin the formula of inducting the Archbishop. Other ceremonies followed, in the course of which the Archbishop was placed in the Dean's stall in sign of his taking actual possession of the See of Canterbury, and the exercises closed with the pronouncing of the benediction by the new Primate.

##### The "Black Hand" in Spain.

The prison at Cadiz is a solid and severe building, erected in 1794, while that at Jerez de la Frontera is an ancient convent, much too frail for the keeping of the dangerous men constituting the hideous brotherhood known as the "Black Hand." It was in this latter edifice that these diabolical wretches were at first confined, but it was wisely determined to transfer them to Cadiz, where any attempt at escape from within, or rescue from without, would only end in absolute failure. In all Spain there is scarcely a more gloomy building than the Cadiz prison, a fitting receptacle for the villains whom it has now clasped in its iron arms. The prison is 67 metres long by 34 broad, and cost, with its additional wings erected in 1896, four millions of reals.

##### The Fourth Centenary of Raphael.

Raphael Sanzio, whose glorious paintings are the wonder and delight of the world, was born 400 years ago, at Urbino, in the Papal States. The four hundredth anniversary of his birth was recently celebrated in Urbino and in Rome, no effort being spared to render the occasion worthy of the man. There were processions, orations, poetical recitations, performances of music, exhibitions of pictures, statues, and busts. Visits were paid to the great artist's tomb, which is in the Pantheon at Rome, and the Eternal City wore its most gay and festive appearance. The King and Queen, with the royal children, were present in the Capitol, which is the municipal palace, where a portion of the joyous proceedings took place. From the Capitol the gorgeous cortege—for it was composed of nobles, artists, etc.—moved to the Pantheon, where the chief personages took their places in front of Raphael's tomb. The altar was endowed by Raphael, and behind it is a picture of the Virgin and Child, known as the "Madonna del Sasso," which was executed at Raphael's request, and painted by Lorenzo Fote, a friend and pupil of the great painter. On September 14th, 1833, this tomb was opened, and Raphael's moldering skeleton was laid bare.

##### The Remains of the Old.

Roderigo Diaz, commonly known as "The Cid," was born at the Castle of Bivar, near Burgos, about A. D. 1040, and died at Valencia in 1099. He was standard-bearer, and subsequently commander of the royal troops, of Sancho II., King of Leon and Castile. The designation of *el Cid*, corrupted to Cid in Spanish, was given to him by the Moors, in acknowledgment of his prowess, while the Spaniards, whom he protected and avenged, called him *el Campeador*—the Champion. He captured Valencia five years before his death, and established himself as its ruler. The municipality of Burgos lately resolved that the remains of the Cid should repose within the walls of that quaint and famous old city. His Majesty the King having signified his approval, and having appointed a commission to carry out the undertaking, the transfer was made with all pomp and circumstance. A royal discourse was uttered, to which the mayor of the ancient city responded in suitable terms. The remains lay in state in the great hall of the municipality, and funeral services were conducted in the Grand Cathedral. A salute of fifteen guns from the fortress announced the arrival of the remains from Bivar.

##### The Bulgarian National Assembly.

The first meeting-place of the Bulgarian National Assembly after its establishment in 1879 was in the old Government House at Tirnova. Upon the final adoption of the Constitution, Sofia became the capital, and the sessions of the Assembly are now held in that city. We give an illustration of the hall of the Assembly.

##### Launch of the "Lepanto."

On the 17th of March last the heart of Italy rejoiced when it was flashed throughout the kingdom that the ironclad warship *Lepanto* had been launched, a vessel destined, when fitted up, to be one of the most, if not the most, formidable war-vessels afloat. The *Lepanto* is sister to the three war-ships *Dulio*, *Dandolo* and *Italy*. Her dimensions are in length, 122 metres; breadth, 22; while her displacement is 14,700 tons. This surpasses the displacement of the French *Admiral Baudin* and the English *Inflexible*, which show but 11,440 tons, while the Russian *Peter the Great* shows 11,408, and the Russian *Peter the Great* 9,510 tons. This launch of this sea monster was watched with intense interest. The basin in which she was constructed is 268 metres long, and she was moored by twenty-three cables, twelve centimetres in diameter. That the calculation was exact was proven by the fact that the launch took place without either the slightest accident or the slightest hitch.

##### A COLORADO MINING TOWN.

DURANGO, in Colorado, is a typical mining town. It is situated on the Animas River, in the southwestern part of the State, sixty miles east of the Utah, and eighteen miles north of the New Mexico line. A little over two years ago its site was an uninhabited valley; now it is the seat of a thriving and prosperous city. Few towns in the West possess greater natural advantages, the location being most favorable, the climate salubrious and the surrounding country one of great mineral wealth. Durango is the natural gateway to the famous San Juan mining districts, which have proved one of the richest regions in the country, and, as the supply point for a great territory, its continued prosperity seems assured.

##### Death-roll of the Week.

APRIL 15TH.—At Tarrytown, N. Y., William B. Hatch, a New York banker; at Evansville, Ill., Rev. Dr. Henry Bannister, Professor in the Northwestern Theological Seminary, aged 70; at Columbia, S. C., Rev. Dr. George Howe, President of the Southern Presbyterian Theological Seminary, aged 81. April 16th.—At South Washington, D. C., Rev. Alfred Holmead, an Episcopal clergyman, aged 73; at Morris-town, N. J., James W. Cuyler, Major of Engineers, United States Army, aged 40; at London, England, Dr. William Farr, an eminent statistician, aged 75. April 17th.—In New York city, Samuel Wallin, an artist, aged 71; at Philadelphia, Pa., Mark Wilcox, a prominent and liberal Catholic, aged 69; at Hartford, Conn., Dr. George B. Hawley, formerly a leading physician, aged 72. April 18th.—In New York city, Philander Banford, an old merchant, aged 84; at Philadelphia, Pa., Oliver P. Cornman, formerly a prominent politician, aged 70; at Columbia, S. C., Dr. Edward B. Turnpseed, a leading physician, aged 54; at London, England, Rev. William O'Neill, Baron O'Neill, aged 70. April 20th.—At Rochester, N. Y., Roswell Hart, ex-Congressman, aged 59; at Natick, Mass., Solomon S. Gray, prominent in the paper trade, aged 59; in Scotland, Right Rev. George R. Mackarness, Bishop of the Scotch Episcopal Church, aged 61.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

DR. CHARLES WILLIAM SIEMENS, the well-known telegraphic engineer, has been made a knight.

RULIF VAN BRUNT, a farmer of Bay Ridge, L. I., died last week on the farm that has been in possession of his family for 200 years.

ROSE BONHEUR is in her sixty-first year, and still lives her curious retired life, dressed in male attire, and painting industriously.

LOUISE MICHEL has been committed for trial at the next Paris assizes on a charge of inciting to riot. She will conduct her own defense.

A LONDON paper is informed that the Marquis of Lorne will probably succeed the Marquis of Ripon as Viceroy and Governor-general of India.

LORDS WOLSELEY and ALCHAMER have been voted an annual allowance of £2,000 by the House of Commons for their services during the Egyptian war.

THE National Academy of Sciences has elected Professor O. C. Marsh, of Yale College, President, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Professor Rogers.

EDWARD GOULD has just completed his fiftieth consecutive year of service as cashier of the National Traders' Bank of Portland, Me. He is now seventy-eight years of age.

THE Stadt Theatre Company of Vienna has presented Edwin Booth a silver laurel-wreath composed of thirty two leaves, each leaf bearing the name of a member of the company.

THE Congregational church at Orwell, Vt., has just received \$5,000 from Mrs. Sally C. Young, who is ninety-eight years old. She recently gave the same church a bell and a fine clock.

MRS. LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE has prepared for publication her recent lectures in reply to the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix. They will be immediately issued under the title of "Woman's Place To-day."

THE Sultan of Turkey has invited Baron von Goltz, colonel of the general staff of the German army, to enter the Turkish service and undertake the reorganization of the military education of the troops.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS's will bequeaths the Liberty Hall house to his friend Quince O'Neal, and most of the other property to his relatives. "My property," runs the will, "I think upon a fair valuation is worth \$12,000."

MRS. B. A. BENEDICT, a wealthy lady of Pawtucket, R. I., has given \$10,000 to the Benedict Institute in Columbia, S. C., a school for the gratuitous education of colored men for the ministry, and of colored women as teachers.

MRS. FLETCHER WEBSTER, who has been very seriously ill for many weeks at a hotel in Boston, has been removed to her home in Marshfield, Mass. Her illness was partial paralysis, attributed to exposure to a draft in a railroad car.

PATRICK EGAN denies the report that he is going to reside permanently in America. After the Philadelphia Convention he will go West to look into the flour-mill interests in which he is concerned, and will go back to Ireland in the course of two months.

QUEEN VICTORIA left Windsor last week for the royal residence at Osborne. Owing to the trouble she experiences from her sprained knee, she was unable to walk, and had to be lifted into her carriage. The route along which the Queen passed was carefully guarded by police and troops.

THE Prince of Wales has agreed to send some of his dogs to the great dog-show at Berlin. He is one of the greatest dog-fanciers in England. His kennels are one of the great features of his residence at Sandringham, and six of the finest dogs have the perfect freedom of the house.

SENATOR EDMUNDS has gone to New Mexico, where he and his party will remain several weeks and visit all places of interest in that part of the country, including, of course, the Las Vegas Hot Springs. From New Mexico they will go to California, where they will remain until July.

REV. JAMES C. BEMCHER, the eccentric brother of Henry Ward, who has been living in the wilderness in the town of Hardenburg, N. Y., for some years, but of late has been in an asylum at Middletown, N. Y., has sold his woodland home to a Connecticut man and given up the idea of abandoning the world. His health is greatly improved and he is now in good spirits.

THE Prince of Wales has a brand-new palace-car to travel in, which is described as marvelously aesthetic. It is fifty feet long and contains a saloon, study, two bedrooms, two dressing-rooms, and a bathroom. The Prince's bedroom is hung with old-gold silk, and the furniture is upholstered to match. Mirrors are let into the door panels, and the whole suite can be lighted either by candles or by electricity.

DR. J. M. GREGORY, formerly regent of the Illinois Industrial University and now one of the Civil Service Commission, when a boy, used to live in the same Baptist neighborhood in the Green Mountain State with the Green Mountain boy who is now President of the United States. And Chester A. Arthur and J. M. Gregory used to be tow-headed schoolboys together. The doctor used to know the Arthur girls, the President's sisters, and when he was a young man used to sing in the President's father's church choir.

MARTHA CARY THOMAS, of Baltimore, has just taken her degree of Doctor of Philosophy, *summa cum laude*, at the University of Zurich. This proficiency in Greek, Provençal, Gothic, old, middle and new high German, Saxon, Latin, modern French and English. The examinations in all departments were conducted in a foreign tongue. Miss Thomas was a graduate of Cornell, afterwards studied for a year at Johns Hopkins University, and has just completed a course at the University of Leipzig.

A BOSTON *Post* correspondent who recently visited Hon. Samuel J. Tilden at his home in New York city, found him in good fettle, with a healthy glow in his cheeks, and with eye and mind as bright and keen as ever. His hand was steady, and he wrote as legibly and evenly as in his earlier years. Mr. Tilden had stood in and about the house, giving directions to the workmen, four hours and over when the *Post* man arrived. "I come down from Yonkers," he said, "every other day, and spend from three to five hours just as you have seen me to-day."

SINCE so much comment has been excited by the constant attendance of policemen and detectives upon Mr. Gladstone, the Chief Commissioner of the London Police has furnished a statement to the effect that the late Lord Beaconsfield, when Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1867, was followed home every evening from the House of Commons by a police constable in plain clothes, and the duty was continued up to the time the Chancellor left office in 1868, and renewed in 1874, and continued up to the time he went to the House of Lords. Special precautions were also taken at the same time by the police on duty on the line of route to insure his safety.





NEW YORK CITY.—FIRST PUBLIC DRILL OF THE NEWLY ORGANIZED LIFE-SAVING CORPS OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT, ON PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE, APRIL 14TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 153.





LUMBERING ON THE ST. CROIX RIVER. — "WANGANS" SHOOTING THE RAPIDS. — FROM A SKETCH BY Z. M. SPEDON. — SEE PAGE 158.



THE MERCHANT MARINE SERVICE. — INCIDENTS OF STUDENTS' LIFE ON THE TRAINING-SCHOOLSHIP "ST. MARY'S." — FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM. — SEE PAGE 158.



## THE GREAT KING.

THE kingdom of the Great King  
Is broad as is the earth;  
And he marked us for his subjects  
From the very hours of birth.

We shrink back from his palaces,  
The doorways are so low;  
And few will enter willingly,  
And none can fail to go.

Who enters in his kingdom  
Must go with sightless eyes;  
With white hands folded meekly;  
With lips unstirred by sighs.

Each mortal, blind and silent,  
Must walk his kingdom o'er;  
Then, be free from his dominion,  
Immortal evermore.

CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

## HOW FRITZ WON HIS BRIDE.

## A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY MARY E. BRUSH.

TIME—over one hundred years ago. Scene—the homestead of Herr Balde, one of the Palatine settlers of Central New York.

A long, low house—the lower story of rough stones, the upper of wood, terminating in a broad, sloping roof. Back of it, the woods loomed up, their summits crowned with a dense forest. Below, broad, fertile meadows, through which the Mohawk trailed its silver curves. Overhead, a sky as blue as that which blesses Italy.

Up the winding path leading from the green meadows came Gretta, Herr Balde's only child, who, with her clear complexion, bright blue eyes, and sunny hair, was as pretty a maiden as one could find throughout the entire valley. As fresh as the morning, as light hearted as the birds trilling up in the trees, she tripped along, carrying a pail of foaming, white milk in each hand, and singing, gayly, a German couplet:

"Und a biserle Lieb, und a biserle treu,  
Und a biserle fälschheit, ist allzeit dabei!"

"A bit of love—a bit of truth,  
And a bit of falsehood, make life, forsooth!"

Over and over again, she trilled out the song, so gayly as to leave no doubt that the morbid sentiment contained therein had not cast its shadow over her young spirit.

"Gretta," said a gentle voice, and Frau Balde's plump form appeared in the doorway. "Gretta, your father wishes to speak to you." The tune died away on Gretta's lips, and a cloud overspread her sunny face. With a sigh, she gave her mother the pails, and then went in the other room.

There, seated before the fire—for the October morning was chilly—sat Herr Balde, a short, fat Dutchman. He drew his pipe from between his lips, nodded a careless good-morning, and then said, abruptly:

"Sit down. Why were you so rude to Johann Meyer at the husking last evening?" Over Gretta's cheeks came a deeper tinge of red as she replied:

"I was not rude! Who accuses me?" "Meyer himself. He came here late last evening, growling with anger because you had refused to dance with him."

"I refused because I had already promised another—Cousin Fritz."

Herr Balde frowned.

"A maiden should dance with her betrothed husband when he asks her."

Gretta drew herself up proudly, saying:

"Who says that Johann Meyer is my betrothed husband?"

"I say it!" roared her father, his Dutch cholera rising.

"But I do not love him, father," choking back the tears.

"And why not? Is he not handsome, and will be rich, too, for his father owns the largest and richest tract of flat land in this valley. Let me tell you, there are a score of girls who would gladly wed Johann!"

"Let them, then!" proudly. "I do not want him."

"And I know the reason!" angrily. "It is because your fancy is taken by that long-limbed, black-browed cousin of yours—Fritz Faasler! Silly girl! What is he but a dreamer—spending his days and nights in scribbling rhymes or poring over his pots and kettles, like a housewife. Always prating about chemistry and science, forsooth! And filling the house with his bad-smelling gases and bubbling mixtures! He'd better look out for himself, or people will think he is a sorcerer, and treat him as they did the witches down in the Eastern Colonies. And, pray, what does he think he's going to gain by all this waste of time? The philosopher's stone, which shall turn everything to gold? A fig for the addled, idle fellow!"

"A prophet hath no honor in his own country," said Gretta, boldly. "Among men of brains Fritz holds high rank. Even Master Benjamin Franklin, whom you acknowledge to be a wise man and a patriot, writes to Fritz as to an equal, and asks his opinions!"

"Humph! Franklin does something besides putter over chemicals. He is ready to be up and doing for his country in her hour of need!"

"So is Fritz. But as you very well know, he's scarcely yet recovered from his fever. Herr Steinberger, the doctor, says that it would not be safe for him to join his regiment under two weeks, or he might have a relapse."

"Well, I know that," sullenly. "But if it wasn't for the Herr Doctor's commands, I would pack this philosopher, with all his baggage, his acids, and gases and what-not, out of doors, even though he is my own cousin's son! And I say, look to it, Gretta, you are to be Johann Meyer's wife. My word is law in my

own house!" and puffing vigorously on his pipe, Herr Balde strode out of the house.

Gretta stood there, sad and despairing. It was as her father had said—his word was law in that house. But, although she had hitherto been an obedient child, her heart was now stirred in wild rebellion against this cruel decree.

Johann Meyer! How she detested the dainty young officer, with his pink-and-white complexion, and bows and amirks. "Oh, I hate him!" she passionately exclaimed.

"Whom? Not me, I hope, dear Gretta!" said a deep, rich voice, as a shadow darkened the patch of sunshine streaming in at the door.

With a blush and a smile, Gretta looked up. There stood a tall, manly figure, and a pair of dark eyes smiled roguishly on her.

"Fritz! Is it you? And out so early this morning—that was not prudent. Especially after last night's dissipation."

"Oh, I'm stronger than you think. I shall join my regiment to-morrow. But tell me, *liebschen*, why the only cloud to be seen this morning has settled down upon your fair face?"

In a few hurried words, Gretta repeated the conversation she had had with her father. Fritz's face darkened.

"He thinks that I am an idler—a dreamer—does he? And that this young officer, who has not yet smelled the smoke of a genuine battle, but struts around on muster-days, with his sword clanging and clattering, is more worthy to be his son-in-law than I? Well, we shall see! But never mind that now. Take this string of fish I caught this morning, Gretta, and then bring me your father's gun. Are they loaded?"

"I think not. But why do you want them, Fritz—surely not to injure father or young Meyer?" in frightened tones.

Fritz laughed.

"Oh, no! Only, this morning, I saw an imprint of an Indian's moccasin down in the mud by the river's bank, and although no alarm has been sent, it is best to be on our guard. You know that General Schuyler has repeatedly sent word for us settlers on the Mohawk to be constantly on the alert, as at any moment we may be attacked by bands of the enemy prowling down from Canada. I met your father just as I came up the path, and told him what I had seen. He—Fritz suddenly paused, a look of mingled anger and amusement flitting over his face.

"What did he say?" eagerly.

"Oh," laughing lightly. "He told me to go and hide if I were afraid, and that Johann Meyer was coming here to-day, and that this doughty lieutenant would protect his promised bride and her family."

When noon-time drew near, Frau Balde, in compliance with her husband's orders, prepared an unusually fine repast, and Gretta, in obedience to the commands of the same household lawgiver, donned her best attire. Very pretty she looked, too, in the short, quilted petticoat, with its overdress of blue, the neat, lace-trimmed kerchief folded about her white neck, and a coquettish cap surmounting her golden braids. But her face wore no welcoming smile. Her eyes were red with weeping, and her manner was scornful and repelling.

"Meyer is late—I wonder what keeps him!" said Herr Balde, gazing first expectantly out of the window and then longingly at the table. "Perhaps some unforeseen duty detains him. Let us eat—I am well-nigh famished. Where is Fritz?" frowning as he spoke the name.

"He is in his room. He took a bit of bread and milk a while ago, saying that was all he wanted," replied Frau Balde.

"Very well, we can easily get along without him," was her husband's grim rejoinder. "Come, set to!"

But scarcely were they seated when there was a sound of hurried footsteps without. Some one came running through the long passage and burst open the kitchen-door. It was Johann Meyer, his face pale and terror-stricken, his eyes wild and startled, his clothes soiled and in disorder.

"The Indians!" he cried, breathlessly. "The Indians! They are close behind me! Oh, heavens, they will kill us all!"

"Lock the door! quick!" cried Herr Balde, rising as soon as his load of flesh would allow him.

Gretta flew to do his bidding. Alas! it was too late! A confusion in the outer passage showed that the enemy had already entered the house.

"Hurry, dear Johann," said Herr Balde. "You take this gun and I will take the other. We will sell our lives as dearly as possible!"

But, wild with fear, the cowardly lieutenant refused the proffered weapon, saying tremulously:

"No—no, good Master Balde, it will be of no use! There are nearly a score of them! Let us hide ourselves!"

"Shame! Will you not defend your promised wife?" sternly.

But vouchsafing no answer to this inquiry, the young officer rushed into an adjoining room, and, diving beneath a huge pile of tow and flax lying there, he drew it over him until his person was entirely concealed.

"The cowardly paltrone!" Herr Balde exclaimed, his face pale with anger. "How mistaken I have been in him! Gretta, go call—"

But just at this instant the door was cautiously opened, and the plumed heads and copper-colored faces of the savages were seen peering in. Herr Balde raised his gun and fired at the first who entered. Unfortunately, either age or excitement made his aim unsteady, so that the bullet, instead of going where it was intended, lodged harmlessly in the wooden door-frame.

With loud cries of wrath the Indians raised their weapons to return the fire, but just then

something happened that quite caused them to desist.

A door from an inner room was suddenly flung open, and two strange and awful objects appeared on the threshold! The first was a tall, ghostly form wrapped in a trailing white sheet. One hand was lifted menacingly. The other held what—a horrible skeleton! its bony structure surmounted by a skull whose eyeless sockets seemed to stare in surprise, and whose wide-open jaws revealed rows of teeth. But this was not all. Suddenly sulphurous flames, green, red and blue, surrounded the two apparitions, and a voice as hollow and as warning as the grave, said in the Indian tongue:

"Begone! begone, ye dogs! The Great Spirit commands you!"

With one mingled cry of fear, the savages rushed for the door, sprawling and tumbling over one another in their mad haste to leave the room. They did not pause even when the outer air was reached, but rushed pell-mell down to the river as if the evil one and all his imps were after them!

Then the sheet was thrown off, the skeleton pushed carelessly against the wall and with a hearty laugh, Fritz stood before Herr Balde at his family.

"Well, my gases and chemicals accomplished something that time, good uncle!" he cried, gayly. "But hasten and lock the door, Gretta, for the red devils may recover from their fright and be back again. No, no," looking out of the window, "they are down by the river already, struggling to get into their canoes! Ha, ha! The rascals are thoroughly scared this time! But where is our valiant friend, Lieutenant Meyer?"

By this time, Johann Meyer had crawled from his hiding-place, his blue and buff uniform covered with dust and chaff, and his face wearing a most crest-fallen expression.

"Are you a magician, Fritz Faasler? How did you manage to drive them away—I, oh, Gott in himmel! What's that?" starting back in fright as he perceived the grinning skeleton.

"Don't be afraid, Herr Meyer! That's only Herr Bones, whom our good doctor was so kind as to let me take when he found that I wanted to study the structure of the human frame."

"But the fire and smoke?" Frau Balde inquired, a little timidly.

"Were only some of my gases and chemicals, as my uncle is pleased to call them. The fact is, I was making some experiments with them when the alarm came, and the thought occurred that I might resort to this stratagem."

"Well, my lad, you have saved our lives, as well as proved yourself a wise and brave man," said Herr Balde, and he added impressively, "I am as proud of you as I am disappointed in another"—looking contemptuously at Johann Meyer, who, with Frau Balde's aid, was brushing off his coat-tails. "And, now sit to, dear Fritz," Herr Balde continued, "sit to and have some dinner. There, take the place by Gretta, I will not"—significantly—"I will not separate you after this!"

## LUMBERING ON THE ST. CROIX RIVER.

THE St. Croix River, which forms a part of the eastern boundary between Maine and the Province of New Brunswick, is the scene of many a daring adventure by the lumbermen who, in pursuit of their calling, hew out of the forests and then send down to market great "drives" of timber. Their habitations are of the most primitive order, but entirely comfortable, and the hazards of life are, perhaps, no greater than in other fields of industry. But in floating these enormous rafts down the rivers, they often encounter serious risks, and the "runs" are always attended by incidents of a more or less exciting character. Our picture illustrates a minor incident in the life of these hardy lumbermen—the "wancans" shooting the rapids; but even this voyage is one which a good many of our readers, perhaps, would not care to make.

## THE FIRE DEPARTMENT LIFE-SAVING CORPS.

THE first public drill of the newly organized Life-saving Corps of the New York Fire Department took place in Printing House Square on April 15th, in the presence of a large crowd of admiring spectators. The corps was in two gangs of seven men each, under command of Second Assistant Chief Bonner, and under direction of Christopher Hoell, the instructor from St. Louis. First they brought out twelve scaling ladders and laid them in a row in front of French's Hotel. The ladders weigh about thirty pounds each, and vary in length from twelve to fifteen feet. The steps are ranged along one central pole. On the top is an arm of iron, which is hooked like the beak of a bird, and barbed on the under side. The ladders are made of hickory and strengthened with Norway iron. The men, who were young, agile and strong, each had strapped around the waist a wide canvas belt which contained a small pickaxe, a rope slide, and on the front a large spring hook. At a signal from Mr. Hoell the first gang seized their ladders and placed them against the front of the hotel. The head man then thrust the hook of his ladder into the window of the first story, and, having secured a firm hold on the sill, climbed up rapidly until he was on a level with the window. He then caught the spring-hook at his belt into the crook of his ladder and was thus held, his hands being left free. The second man passed up a ladder from below, and the head man noisily it and caught it in the sill of the second-story window. Then, releasing his hook, he climbed to the second story, while the second man ascended to the first story. The other firemen followed in turn with other ladders, and the head man ascended until he had reached the seventh floor. He entered the window there, and all the other men ran up the ladders, which hung in a continuous chain, and disappeared after him. Four minutes elapsed from the placing of the first ladder to the disappearance of the last man. At another signal the men climbed out of the windows, and running down the ladders, took stations at the different stories and passed the ladders down again. Ladders and men were all on the sidewalk in 3½ minutes. The second gang repeated this manoeuvre in quicker time, going up in 3 minutes and coming down in 3 minutes.

Several other experiments were shown, one of the most interesting being that of a man taking a single short ladder and ascending to the roof without any assistance. He would go to the first window, raise the ladder to the second, climb to that floor and standing on the window-sill place the ladder in the win-

dow above him. Afterwards a fireman appeared at a seven-story window, and came down rapidly on a rope, which was governed by his comrades above. Another fireman came down on a rope, and governed his descent by a slide at his waist. He took the most remarkable jumps down the side of the wall, and avoided crashing into the windows by spreading his legs so that his feet caught the casings. A fireman was then lowered from window to window with another man clinging to his waist. Two men, fastened together by hooks, were dropped with great rapidity down the front of the building.

The daring feats of the firemen were loudly applauded by the spectators, and the Fire Commissioners expressed themselves as entirely pleased with the drill. It is thought that in a year there will be at least three hundred firemen thoroughly drilled in this corps, and the ladders of the kind shown on this occasion will be placed on every engine in the department.

## THE SCHOOLSHIP "ST. MARY'S."

ONE of the most interesting of our educational institutions is the nautical training school which has its seat upon the training-ship *St. Mary's*. This is a vessel of about 1,000 tons, which was designated by the Navy Department several years ago for this service, and has been for some time past lying near the Quarantine Station in New York Harbor. The instructors and officers are experienced men, who are detailed from the United States Navy with special reference to their fitness, and about 200 boys are usually under their charge. Applicants must be between the ages of fifteen and twenty one, and must have a plain English education, besides which they are required to pass an examination as to physical qualification. The course of study embraces all branches of practical seamanship, instruction in gunnery, navigation, engineering, and the rudimentary and advanced curriculum of the English language. While the principal intention is to furnish competent and intelligent seamen for the merchant marine, the instruction is also such as to fit the students to become men of war's men, should occasion require. The course of instruction covers about two years. The *St. Mary's* will start on a long cruise about the 1st of May. Our illustration presents a number of the scenes which combine to make this floating training school an unique institution.

## SCENES IN AND ABOUT NEW ORLEANS.

"HAVE you been to the Lake?" greets the visitor to the Crescent City, a reply in the negative being graciously followed up by an offer of a carriage ride, including *cicerone*. A spin along the "Shell Road," as level as a billiard table, is thoroughly enjoyable, the more so when a gentle breeze from Lake Pontchartrain caresses the cheek, and the luminous green of the sub-tropical vegetation gladdens, while it refreshes, the eye. One of my most pleasant pilgrimages was to Spanish Fort, an old fortification, situated on the lake, about seven miles from New Orleans. This grim fort was held by Spanish governors against the piratical cruisers who, in those good old days, infested the lake. The Confederates occupied it during the war, it was a very charming picture of peace to see its once formidable guns dismounted and lying on the green grass, while elegantly-dressed little dots of children, symphonies in lace and embroidery, frisked and disported themselves even at the cannon's mouth. Spanish Fort is reached by rail, and hither in the extra-warm weather his thousands thriving for the welcome breezes from the lake. Capital restaurants abound, situated in picturesque laid out grounds, arbors, statues, flower borders. Cupid corners being thick as leaves in Valombrosa, each caravansary boasting its own bright particular jetty.

Another resort in Pontchartrain, and a very attractive one to boot, is West End. This pleasant place is about two miles west of Spanish Fort, and can be tapped by road or rail. It has all the *cicerone* of a French watering-place, with the "go" of Manhattan Beach. It is a "correct form" to give little dinners here in summer, and over one of the chateaux to listen to the strains of the band performing in the pavilion. Nor is the star-mocking electric light wanting to render the night scenes more exquisite still. The St. John and West End Rowing Clubs have their boat-houses here, and the Southern Yacht Club's elegant building stands at the junction of the basin with the lake.

The excursion *par excellence* for the inhabitants of the Crescent City is to Bay St. Louis. This city of the sea is distant fifty-two miles by land and sixty by water. Its population proper is about 3,000. It boasts two Catholic churches, an Episcopal and a Methodist, a Catholic college and convent; four white and two colored schools, five hotels; a shell road and two hundred bathing boxes. The private residences would bear transplanting to Newport—ay, and put some of the lordly cottages to the blush. The Choctaw Indians, who used to dwell in this delightful region, called the place *A-chouac-powlon*, or Bad Grass Place. It was here that Iberville landed in 1701, and to this classic ground the blue-blooded families of Monette Toulemonde and Ocan refer with justifiable pride as the residence of their intrepid ancestors.

New Orleans affords wonderful "glimpses" and "bits of color" so rapture-laden for the heart of the artist. The old Slave Market is almost oriental. The canal at Spanish Fort is Dutchy, with a *soupsou* of Venice; while the French Gardens, so full of light and shadows, so clothed with yellows and reds, and greens and grays, are vivid as though done by the sun-dipped hand of Fortuny. The coffee served in the French Market is highly extolled by those who know what coffee means, and the rush in the early morning towards the stands when a train comes in is one of the sights of the Crescent City.

## THE RAPHAEL STATUE AT URBINO.

THE ancient City of Urbino, the birthplace of Raphael, paid proper attention to the four hundredth anniversary of his birth, which was marked in Rome, as elsewhere described, by peculiarly imposing ceremonies. The representatives of the Government and municipal authorities, and delegates of the leading Italian cities, went in procession to visit the house where Raphael was born. Commemorative speeches were pronounced in the great hall of the ducal palace, and the commemoration ended with a cantata composed by Signor Rossi. The *Via Raffaele* was illuminated in the evening, and a gala spectacle was given at the Sanzio Theatre. Next day the exhibition of designs for a monument to Raphael was inaugurated at Urbino, and at night a great torchlight procession took place. We give an illustration of the proposed statue.

## BOY STOLEN BY THE APACHES.

ON March 28th, 1883, Judge H. C. McComas and his wife, and young son, while visiting some mining property in New Mexico, were met by a straggling party of Apache Indians upon a main thoroughfare seventeen miles north of Lordsburg on the Southern Pacific Railroad. The parents were killed and the son captured, after which the band fled to Old Mexico, pursued by several companies of cavalry. The boy who was thus carried off is six and a half years old, and very large for his age, his weight being nearly one hundred pounds. He has light yellowish hair, and wears a six and three-



quarter bat. His name is Charles Ware McComas, and his relatives reside in Fort Scott, Kansas, where he was born. We give his portrait in the hope that its publication may assist in his identification should he be found in Arizona, Mexico, or elsewhere.

## PROBLEMS OF THE TIME.

By HENRY GEORGE.

(Continued from page 151.)

of westward expansion. That it must some time cease is evident when we remember that the earth is round.

Practically, this event is near at hand. Its shadow is even now stealing over us. Not that there is any danger of this continent being really over-populated. Not that there will not be for a long time to come, even at our present rate of growth, plenty of unused land or of land only partially used. But to feel the results of what is called pressure of population, to realize here pressure of the same kind that forces European emigration upon our shores, we will not have to wait for that. Europe to-day is not over-populated. In Ireland, whence we have received such an immense immigration, not one-sixth of the soil is under cultivation, and grass grows and beasts feed where once were populous villages. In Scotland there is the solitude of the deer forest and the grouse moor where a century ago were homes of men. One may ride on the railways through the richest agricultural districts of England and see scarcely as many houses as in the valley of the Platte, where the buffalo herded a few years back.

Twelve months ago, when the hedges were blooming, I passed along a lovely English road near by the cottage of that "Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," of whom I read when a boy in a tract, which is a good sample of the husks frequently given to children as religious food, and which is still, I presume, distributed by the American, as it is by the English, Tract Society. On one side of the road was a wide expanse of rich land in which no plowshare had that season been struck, because its owner demanded a higher rent than the farmers would give. On the other, stretched, for many a broad acre, a lordly park, its velvety verdure untrod by save by a few light footed deer. And, as we passed along, my companion, a native of those parts, bitterly complained that, since this lord of the manor had inclosed the little village green and set out his fences to take in the grass of the roadside, the cottagers could not keep even a goose, and the children of the village had no place to play! Place there was in plenty, but, so far as the children were concerned, it might as well be in Africa or in the moon. And so in our far West, I have seen emigrants toiling painfully for long distances through vacant land without finding a spot on which they dared settle. In a country where the springs and streams are all inclosed by walls he cannot scale, the wayfarer, but for charity, might perish of thirst as in a desert. There is plenty of vacant land on Manhattan Island. But on Manhattan Island human beings are packed closer than anywhere else in the world. There is plenty of fresh air all around—one man owns forty acres of it, a whiff of which he never breathes, since his home is on his yacht in European waters—but, for all that, thousands of children die in New York every Summer for want of it, and thousands more would die did not charitable people subscribe to fresh-air funds. The social pressure which forces on our shores this swelling tide of immigration, arises not from the fact that the land of Europe is all in use, but that it is all appropriated. That will soon be our case as well. Our land will not all be used; but it will all be "fenced in."

We still talk of our vast public domain, and figures showing millions and millions of acres of unappropriated public land yet swell grandly in the reports of our Land Office. But already it is so difficult to find public land fit for settlement, that the great majority of those wishing to settle find it cheaper to buy, and rents in California and the New Northwest run from a quarter to even one-half the crop. It must be remembered that the area which yet figures in the returns of our public domain includes all the great mountain chains, all the vast deserts and dry plains fit only for grazing, or not even for that; it must be remembered that of what is really fertile, millions and millions of acres are covered by railroad grants as yet unpatented, or, what amounts to the same thing to the settler, are shadowed by them; that much is held by appropriation of the water, without which it is useless; and that much more is held under claims of various kinds, which, whether legal or illegal, are sufficient to keep the settler off unless he will consent to pay a price, or to mortgage his labor for years.

Nevertheless, land with us is still comparatively cheap. But this cannot long continue. The stream of immigration that comes swelling in, added to our steadily augmenting natural increase, will soon now so occupy our available lands as to raise the price of the poorest land worth settling on to a point we have never known. Nearly twenty years ago Mr. Wade, of Ohio, in a speech in the United States Senate, predicted that by the close of the century every acre of good agricultural land in the Union would be worth at least \$50. That his prediction will be even more than verified we may readily see. By the close of the century our population, at the normal rate of increase, will be over forty millions more than in 1880. That is to say, within the next seventeen years an additional population greater than that of the whole United States at the close of the Civil War will be demanding room. Where will they find cheap land? There is no further West. Our advance has reached the Pacific, and beyond the Pacific is the East, with its coming millions. From San Diego to Puget

Sound there is no valley of the coast line that is not settled or pre-empted. To the very furthest corners of the Republic settlers are already going. The pressure is already so great that speculation and settlement are beginning to cross the northern border into Canada and the southern border into Mexico; so great that land is being settled and is becoming valuable that a few years ago would have been rejected—land where Winter lasts for six months and the thermometer goes down into the forties below zero; land where, owing to insufficient rainfall, a crop is always a risk; land that cannot be cultivated at all without irrigation. The vast spaces of the western half of the continent do not contain anything like the proportion of arable land that does the eastern. The "great American desert" yet exists, though not now marked upon our maps. There is not to day remaining in the United States any considerable body of good land unsettled and unclaimed, upon which settlers can go with the prospect of finding a homestead on Government terms. Already the tide of settlement presses angrily upon the Indian reservations, and, but for the power of the General Government, would sweep over them. Already, although her population is as yet but a fraction more than six to the square mile, the last acre of the vast public domain of Texas has passed into private hands, the rush to purchase during the past year having been such that many thousands of acres more than the State had were sold.

We may see what is coming by the avidity with which capitalists, and especially foreign capitalists, who realize what is the value of land where none is left over which population may freely spread, are purchasing land in the United States. This movement has been going on quietly for some years until now there is scarcely a rich English peer or wealthy English banker who does not, either individually or as the member of some syndicate, own a great tract of our new land, and the purchase of large bodies for foreign account is going on every day. It is with these absentee landlords that our coming millions must make terms.

Nor must it be forgotten that, while our population is increasing, and our "wild lands" are being appropriated, the productive capacity of our soil is being steadily reduced, which, practically, amounts to the same thing as reducing its quantity. Speaking generally, the agriculture of the United States is an exhaustive agriculture. We do not return to the earth what we take from it; each crop that is harvested leaves the soil the poorer. We are cutting down forests which we do not replant; we are shipping abroad, in wheat and cotton and tobacco and meat, or flushing into the sea through the sewers of our great cities, the elements of fertility that have been embedded in the soil by the slow processes of nature, acting for long ages.

The day is near at hand when it will be no longer possible for our increasing population to freely expand over new land; when we shall need for our own millions the immense surplus of food stuffs now exported; when we shall not only begin to feel that social pressure which comes when natural resources are all monopolized, but when increasing social pressure here will increase social pressure in Europe. How momentous is this fact we begin to realize when we cast about for such another outlet as the United States has furnished. We look in vain. The British possessions to the north of us embrace comparatively little arable land; the valleys of the Saskatchewan and the Red River are being already taken up, and land speculation is already raging there in fever. Mexico offers opportunities for American enterprise and American capital and American trade, but scarcely for American emigration. There is some room for our settlers in that northern zone that has been kept desolate by fierce Indians; but it is very little. The table-land of Mexico and those portions of Central and South America suited to our people are already well filled by a population whom we cannot displace unless, as the Saxons displaced the ancient Britons, by a war of extermination. Anglo-Saxon capital and enterprise and influence will doubtless dominate those regions, and many of our people will go there; but it will be as Englishmen go to India or British Guinea. Where land is already granted and where peon labor can be had for a song, no such emigration can take place as that which has been pushing its way westward over the United States. So of Africa. Our race has made a permanent lodgment on the southern extremity of that vast continent, but its northern advance is met by tropical heats and the presence of races of strong vitality. On the north, the Latin branches of the European family seem to have again become acclimated, and will probably in time revive the ancient populousness and importance of Mediterranean Africa; but it will scarcely furnish an outlet for more than them. As for Equatorial Africa, though we may explore, and civilize and develop, we cannot colonize it in the face of the climate and of races that increase rather than disappear in presence of the white man. Australia is little more than a rim of arable land set round a desert basin, which anything like the emigration which Europe is pouring on America would soon well populate. Thus we come again to that greatest of the continents, from which our race once started on its westward way, Asia—mother of peoples and religions—which yet contains the greater part of the human race—millions who live and die in all but utter unconsciousness of our modern world. In the awakening of those peoples by the impact of Western civilization lies one of the greatest problems of the future.

But it is not my purpose to enter into such speculations. What I want to point out is that we are very soon to lose one of the most important conditions under which our civilization has been developing—that possibility of expansion over virgin soil that has given scope and freedom to American life,

and relieved social pressure upon the most progressive European nations. Tendencies, harmless under this condition, may become most dangerous when it is changed. Gunpowder does not explode until it is confined. You may rest your hand on the slowly ascending jaw of a hydraulic press. It will only gently raise it. But wait a moment till it meets resistance!

### Facts of Interest.

A RECENT letter from Honolulu, Hawaii, says that King Kalakaua's "army" consists of forty-nine soldiers, exclusive of bands and attendants.

JESSE A. RAMSEY, of Winchester, Ky., is doubtless the youngest grandfather in the State. He is barely thirty-six years of age, and has a grandson, Master Lester Nelson, who is now eighteen months old. Mr. Ramsey's parents and grandparents are also living, and bid fair to do so for many years.

THE quaint old town of Boscawen, N. H., is to celebrate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its existence, during the coming Summer. This town has given to the world Daniel and Ezekiel Webster, General John A. Dix, William Pitt Fessenden, Nathaniel and Charles G. Green, and other distinguished men.

It is a noteworthy and, perhaps, unparalleled fact that Phillips Academy, Exeter, New Hampshire, which is to celebrate its centennial next June, has had but three Principals since it was founded, one hundred years ago, they being Dr. Benjamin Abbott, who served from 1783 to 1838. Dr. Gideon L. Soule, from 1838 to 1872, and Albert C. Perkins, who succeeded Dr. Soule in 1872, and still fills the chair.

THE sword worn by John Hampden during the civil war in England has just been sold at auction in London for fifty-eight guineas. It is a long rapier with cross hilt and scroll guard, and was in the possession of the Hampden family until 1861, when it was sold with other effects of John Hampden, a lineal descendant of its original owner.

MISS LILLIE WALL, of Irwin County, Ga., was dangerously ill for several days, and the doctors quietly informed her father, Mr. Jasper Wall, that his daughter could not possibly live. Going to her bedside, and viewing her sadly, the father said: "My darling child, you are obliged to die, but I only hope that I may die first." Shortly after he went into convulsions, and was soon dead, followed three hours later by the death of his daughter.

THE Great Eastern is a great elephant on the hands of the shareholders. At a recent meeting of the directors and proprietors it was stated that all efforts to sell or charter the ship had been unavailing. The income for the year was made up as follows: Transfer fees, £1; interest, £140; visitors' fees to ship, £13. The expenditure for the year in connection with the ship had been £4,402 1s. 1d.

NEARLY one million barrels will be needed to carry the truck raised around Norfolk, Va., to market during the present season.

THE exodus of the California millionaires begins to take on serious proportions. "It is a deplorable fact," says a San Francisco commercial paper, "that our moneyed men are leaving this coast just about as fast as they can make arrangements to go."

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE's sister, Eloise Richards Payne, lies buried in an old graveyard at Lancaster, Mass. She died on July 5th, 1819. On a marble tablet is the inscription: "She will be talked of but a little while and forgotten by society, will survive only in a few hearts where the memory of such a being is immortal."

MR. FRANCIS MURPHY has written to New Orleans that he will visit that city upon his return to the United States. He says of the temperance "cause" abroad: "The work in England has gone on apace until the Queen has said, 'Well done.' Millions of the people have signed the pledge, reducing the revenue to £2,500,000, and the Postmaster found it in the savings of the people in pure gold."

### THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

For Lighting Mines, M. Mangin has proposed the use of incandescent electric lamps immersed in water contained in glass globes. The safety of such an apparatus has been demonstrated by placing it in the middle of a balloon filled with hydrogen.

Herr Willemox has found that a plentiful application to sickly plants of water heated to about 150° Fahrenheit has a beneficial effect. He supposes that the warm water dissolves away from the roots certain acid substances which interfere with the plant's growth.

Dr. William Squire recommends a solution of one part of bromide of ethyl in two hundred parts of water as a remedy for whooping-cough, and also in angina pectoris. This is of similar strength to the chloroform-water of the British Pharmacopoeia, and its dose is the same, namely, one-half to two ounces.

A Scheme is Proposed for introducing electric lighting into the Canton of Vaud. The motive force would be derived from turbines of 5,000-horse power at Vallorbes, and the water supply being constant and abundant, it is believed that gas, which is very costly in Switzerland, may be entirely dispensed with throughout the district.

The Fall of a Meteorite was observed by several persons one evening a few weeks ago, and next morning it was found, having penetrated deeply into the hard-frozen soil of a neighboring garden. Its weight was 165 grammes; its size, that of a goose's egg. The surface is of a glistening black, and the point seems broken off.

English Milling Engineers are introducing square rope belts, which are said to be very suitable for transferring power. They are made in strips with "step" joints screwed together, the sides of the rope leaving the pulley groove without loss of power. It is stated that a one-and-one-half-inch rope, at 4,000 feet a minute, has driven over 100 horse power.

A So-called "Electric Flannel" has been invented in France by Dr. Claudat, who affirms that it is efficacious against rheumatism. This flannel contains, per kilogramme of wool, 115 grammes of oxide of tin, copper, zinc and iron. A series of threads of the tissue saturated with these metallic products are woven alternately with the ordinary threads. The flannel so prepared forms a dry pla. M. Dricourt, Professor of Physics at the Rheims Lyceum, and M. Portevin, of the Polytechnic School, have proved independently, by very precise experiments, that Dr. Claudat's flannel liberates electricity, either by simple contact or (better) in contact with the products of transpiration when the tissue is applied to the body.

Recent Investigations show that metals are poisonous in proportion to the elevation of their atomic weight, or the low degree of their specific heat. Thus, in comparing cadmium and zinc, it was found that the former was much more active than zinc, the two having the relations indicated; barium, again, was more poisonous than strontium, and the latter than calcium. This law has also been verified by comparisons of the groups of tellurites; thus, the latter, and selenites, are extremely poisonous—much more so than the sulphides, which are scarcely dangerous. Finally, oxygen, which belongs to the group of sulphur, selenium and tellurium, is only poisonous when animals are exposed to the compressed gas, so that their blood is made to contain about double the normal quantity.

### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THIRTY-FIVE head of short-horn cattle were sold in Chicago last week for \$37,500.

—TWENTY-SIX hundred immigrants from Germany were landed at Locust Point, Md., one day last week.

—THE triple alliance of Germany, Austria and Italy is now said to have been agreed on last June. It is to continue for six years.

—THE German Parliament has voted a grant of 64,000,000 marks for the construction of various branch railways throughout the empire.

—THE Delaware House has indefinitely postponed the Bill providing for the submission of the question of license or no license to vote.

—SOME citizens of Orenburg, Russia, are to try to cultivate cotton on a certain area in Central Asia which is said to be suitable for its production.

—CHOLERA, which prevailed to an alarming extent in China, Japan and India some time ago, has disappeared. Smallpox is raging in Rio de Janeiro.

—BECAUSE of a deficiency in the appropriation for the expenses of the court, the trial of the South Carolina election cases has gone over to another term.

—THE destruction of the pineries of the Northwest for lumber during the season just ended amounted to 435,000,000 feet, or 50,000,000 feet in excess of any previous year.

—GEORGE SCHILLER, the barkeeper of the Newhall House in Milwaukee, who was accused of having set it on fire and so caused the terrible loss of life last Winter, has been acquitted.

—SUDDEN and violent fluctuations are occurring in the currency of Japan, which are attributed to speculation in official circles, and the failure of the national bank system is imminent.

—AN island in Vermilion Bay, on the coast of Louisiana, has a solid mass of salt, at a depth of twenty feet, so hard that it requires to be mined with dynamite and ground in steam mills. About 200 tons a day are taken out.

—A DEPOSIT of iron ore has been discovered on the line of the Wisconsin Central Railroad, near Lake Superior, which assays sixty-three per cent. of iron, with only a trace of phosphorus, and more than a million tons are in sight.

—IN the Province of Para, Brazil, there is still living a pilot, named Angelo Marinho, thrice married and widowed, with forty-five children by his wives—119 grandchildren, 184 great grandchildren and 264 great-great grandchildren—all alive and healthy.

—THE French Minister of Foreign Affairs has presented to the Chamber of Deputies the draft of a convention concluded between France and the United States fixing the indemnity for losses sustained by French subjects during the civil war in America.

—JAMES LYCK left \$150,000 to establish and maintain free baths in San Francisco. One of the trustees, Dr. Stillman, now proposes to increase the fund by popular subscription to \$250,000, and to erect salt-water baths large enough for the accommodation of the whole city.

—EX-GOVERNOR JOSHUA L. CHAMBERLAIN, of Maine, last week successfully passed through a delicate surgical operation, which was a result of a wound received in the war of the rebellion. The operation was performed by Dr. Joseph H. Warren, who was assisted by two eminent physicians of Boston.

—FORTY-EIGHT cities and towns in Illinois voted on the liquor question on the 18th instant. In balloting for municipal officers seventeen declared for prohibition or anti-license; thirty-one declared for license, six of which were for full license, and four towns ignored the saloon question and voted on straight political issues.

—THE Texas Legislature has set apart an additional 1,000,000 acres of land towards the endowment of the State University, and as much more for the support of free schools. It has also taken steps for the adoption of a Constitutional Amendment to provide, by taxation, for a permanent revenue for the maintenance of an efficient and permanent school system.

—THE principal theatre of Lima, Peru, was burned down on the night of March 15th. Two hours before the discovery of the fire the house was crowded with an enthusiastic audience, and a great disaster was fortunately averted. The theatre was built in 1756 by the Viceroy Count Superiende, after the earthquake of 1746 had destroyed three-fourths of the city.

—A MONTGOMERY (Ala.) man put a pistol under his pillow when he went to bed, for use in case of expected burglars. During the night his wife left the room in the dark while he was asleep. As she was coming back he awoke, and, hearing a noise in the room, fired in that direction. The ball struck her in the breast and she died in a short time. The husband is overwhelmed with grief.

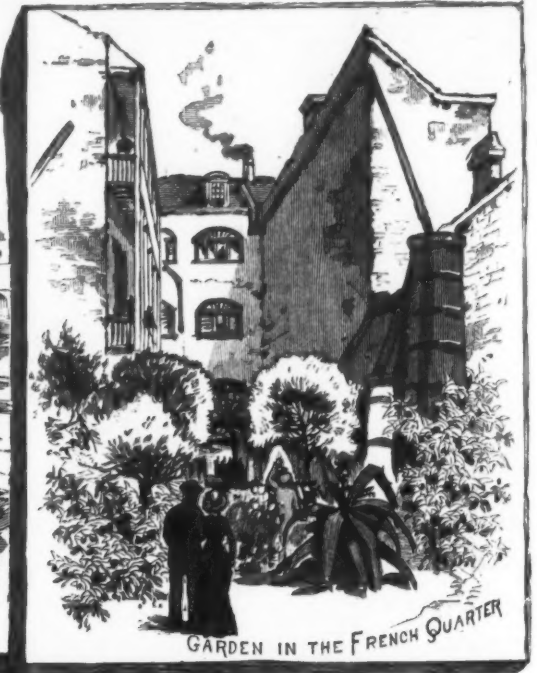
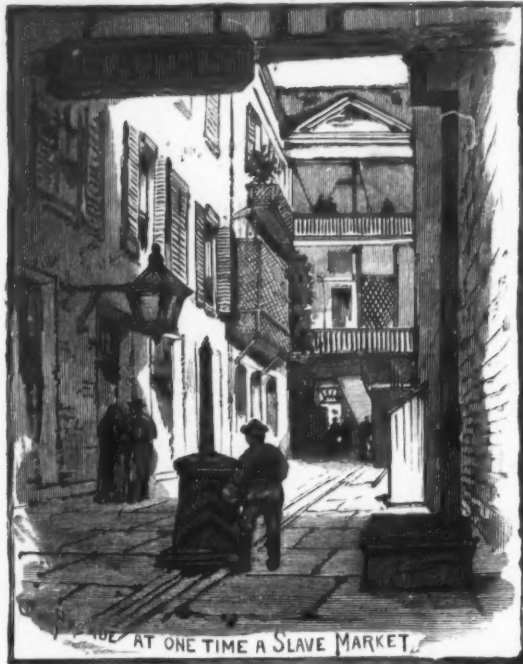
—GOVERNOR BUTLER's veto of the Bill appropriating money for the expenses of the various Massachusetts charitable and reformatory institutions has been sustained by the House by a vote of 128 to 83. In the vote upon the question of passing the Bill over the veto, five Republicans voted the negative with the Democrats, and one Democrat voted in the affirmative. A two third vote was required to pass the Bill.

—A CONTRACT has been closed at Fort Worth, Texas, for the shipment of 75,000 head of cattle from the grazing regions south of that city on the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fé Railroad to Wichita Falls, 114 miles north. It will require 3,000 cars, or 215 trains of fourteen cars each, at a total expense of \$105,000. The shipment is rendered necessary by the large amount of fencing recently put up in the southern part of the State.

—A SHARPSBURG (Ky.) man recently cut down a large black locust tree, which was found to be hollow, and in the hollow grew another tree, of a different kind, which was ten inches in diameter and about twenty feet high, and it had put forth several branches, though they were encompassed in a very small space. The inside tree was alive and seemed quite thrifty, and how it grew and flourished in so small a space without air or light is a mystery.

—THE announcement that a number of skeletons of dead Confederates, who fell at Seven Pines, have recently been plowed up by farmers living near that historic battlefield, has caused quite a stir in Richmond and elsewhere in Virginia. In many cases whole skeletons have been exposed, the waists of most of them being encircled with leather belts, the cartridge boxes and buckles bearing the legend "C. S. A." The First Virginia of Richmond and the Seventeenth Virginia of Alexandria lost scores of men in the battle of Seven Pines. The Federal dead were removed long ago, and buried in the National Cemetery near the battlefield. It is believed that hundreds of Confederates were buried with them and now rest beside those with whom they were opposed in deadly strife. While most of the bones plowed up are undoubtedly those of Confederates, yet it is believed that some of them are those of Union soldiers who fell in the same battle.









WM. LANE BOOKER, THE NEW BRITISH CONSUL-GENERAL AT THIS PORT.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MORSE.

HON. WILLIAM LANE BOOKER,  
THE NEW BRITISH CONSUL-GENERAL AT THIS PORT.

HON. WILLIAM LANE BOOKER, who has just entered upon his duties as Consul-general for Great Britain at this port, is in the prime of life, having been born in 1825. When twenty-four years of age he went from London to San Francisco, and two years later, when a British Consulate was established in that city, he was appointed Secretary. He retained this position until 1856, when he was appointed Consul. Mr. Booker remained the British Consul at San Francisco until the retirement of Consul-general Archibald, whom he succeeds at this port. On March 30th, just before Mr. Booker's departure from San Francisco, a banquet was given in his honor at the Palace Hotel by the merchants of that city, among whom he had acquired great popularity. Mr. Booker is a gentleman of fine presence, with a tall and erect figure, and with a full gray beard. He has been cordially received by the merchants of New York city, and it is confidently believed that his official relations with the business public will be no less pleasant and satisfactory than were those of his distinguished predecessor.

MONUMENT TO OAKES AMES.

WE illustrate on this page the monument in memory of Oakes Ames and Oliver Ames, erected by the Union Pacific Railway Company at Sherman, Wyoming Territory, the highest point reached by that road, being 8,350 feet above the level of the sea. The base of the monument is sixty feet square, and the height is sixty feet. It is built of split pink granite, quarried about half a mile from its site. On either side of the monument are medallion heads of Oakes and Oliver Ames—that of Oakes Ames on the eastern face, and that of Oliver Ames on the western. On the face towards the track is the inscription: "In memory of Oakes Ames and Oliver Ames." The medallion heads are cut in freestone, quarried at Long Meadow, Mass. The monument cost about \$80,000, and is very massive. Standing on the corner of the hill south of the track at Sherman, fifty to seventy-five feet above it, and about 350 feet from the track, it is a conspicuous object in the sight of travelers. The monument was erected "in honor of the memory, and in recognition of services, of Oakes Ames in the construction of the Union Pacific Railroad, to which he devoted his means and his best energies, with a courage, fidelity and integrity unsurpassed in the history of railroad construction."

THE CHAMPION ARMY RIFLE-SHOT.

THE distinction of being the champion army rifle-shot of the world belongs to Lieutenant J. M. T. Partello, of the Fifth Infantry, United States Army. Lieutenant Partello is an Ohio man, having been born at the capital of that State, March 4th, 1854, but his parents removed to Washington two years later. He attended school there, and at eighteen was appointed a clerk in the War Department. When the American Rifle Team went abroad in 1874 and gained their victory over the Irish Team at Dollymount, he conceived the idea that he could shoot a rifle, and broached the subject to his father; but he discouraged it in every way, and urged his son to devote his attention to the study of law. The young man complied, and graduated at the Columbia Law University. But the idea of becoming a rifleman could not be extinguished, and in 1878, his father having died, young Partello resolved to at least make the trial. He first bought a small rifle, and, after a little practice, found that he was quite right in thinking that he had a "knack" for shooting. Colonel Burnside, President of the Columbia Rifle Association of Washington, advised him to become a member of that association, and enter the lists as a candidate for membership on the team that was to represent Washington at Creedmoor in the Fall of 1878. He did so, came out number one in thirteen straight competitions for membership, and went to Creedmoor and won a number of matches there. In October, 1878, he made at Washington the best record for long-range shooting in the world, scoring 224 points out of a possible 225 at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards, the weapon used being a Remington long-range rifle. About this time the officers of the army began to awaken to the importance of the soldiers learning to use their arms, and President Hayes commissioned Mr. Partello an officer of the army, in recognition of his excellent record as a marksman. His duties since then have always been to instruct the line in the use of their arms. Last August Lieutenant Partello entered the contest for the Department of Dakota prize, and won it, General Terry presenting the gold medal and announcing that the young lieutenant stood at the head of the 4,500 officers and men in that department. From this contest he was ordered to Fort Leavenworth in September following, to compete for the great division of the Missouri medal, which he won after a hard contest over the pick of the 1,800 troops in that military division. This was the seventeenth prize which he had received for rifle marksmanship.

Lieutenant Partello ascribes his success to the fact that on entering the service he dropped the sporting rifles, and devoted his attention to the military service rifle, until now he understands it probably better than anybody else. His whole duty in the army is as instructor of musketry, and he has charge of the rifle ranges, etc., at Fort Keogh, Montana, the largest post in the army. Lieutenant Partello has won his own way, and his success is in every way creditable to him.

HON. HENRY D. MCDANIEL,  
GOVERNOR-ELECT OF GEORGIA.

WHEN the death of Governor Alexander H. Stephens occurred, under the provisions of the Constitution of the State, the Hon. James S. Boynton, the President of the Senate, took the oath of office as Governor, and became Mr. Stephens's temporary successor.



GEORGIA.—HON. HENRY D. MCDANIEL, THE GOVERNOR-ELECT.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTES.

by Mr. Stephens. This contest waxed warmer until the convention met, on April 10th, in Atlanta. At the end of two days, neither having secured the majority vote required, a conference committee took the matter in hand, and finally settled it in favor of Hon. Henry D. McDaniel, whose name had been put before the convention by the complimentary votes of his personal friends, who, although small in number, held the balance of power. The convention, at the close of the third day, unanimously adopted the report of the committee and made ex-Senator McDaniel its nominee, which was the same, virtually, as making him Governor, no other candidate being voted for in the election of the 24th instant.

Major McDaniel was born, September 3d, 1836, in Walton County, Ga., where he now resides and practices law, but spent a portion of his youth in Atlanta, of which place his father was then an honored citizen. His early education was mostly obtained in that city, and, in 1855, he graduated from Mercer University, carrying off the first honors of his Class. He was at that time but twenty years of age. Entering soon after upon the practice of law, it was not long before his eminent abilities won the attention of his people, and in 1861 he was distinguished as being the youngest member of the Secession Convention of Georgia, in which body he, with other prominent Georgians, opposed disunion, but finally voted for the ordinance of secession. And when his State had seceded, and war had been inaugurated, he buckled on his sword and went to the front as a lieutenant in the Eleventh Georgia Infantry. In the Fall of 1862 he was promoted to be major of the regiment, which rank he held, although commanding both his regiment and brigade, when he was severely wounded at Hagerstown, on the retreat from Gettysburg. This ended his gallant career as a soldier in the field, and he spent the balance of the time, until the surrender, as a sufferer in the hospitals at Chester, Pa., and Point Lookout, Md., or as prisoner of war at Johnson's Island.

On his return home to Monroe, he re-opened his law office and resumed practice. But his fellow-citizens would not allow him to remain in private life, and he was sent as a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1865, in which he did good service. After his disabilities were removed by Act of Congress, in 1872, Major McDaniel was chosen a Representative in the State Legislature, and in 1874 was made State Senator, serving as such with marked ability for eight years, when he positively declined any further re-election. No legislator in Georgia, of late years, has left a better impress upon the public records of his State, or served with greater dignity, purity and impartiality. No questions were too high or too broad for the grasp of his trained intellect, and no matter of public interest too humble for his searching scrutiny.

Ex-Senator McDaniel is a man of dignified but not haughty



WYOMING.—MONUMENT IN MEMORY OF OAKES AMES AND OLIVER AMES, ERECTED BY THE UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY, AT SHERMAN.

It was believed that when the convention met Governor Boynton would be the nominee, but, later on, a bitter contest arose in behalf of the claims of Hon. A. O. Bacon, a distinguished ex-Speaker of the House, who, in the previous convention, was defeated



LIEUTENANT J. M. T. PARTELO, FIFTH U. S. INFANTRY, CHAMPION ARMY RIFLE-SHOT OF THE WORLD.  
FROM A PHOTO. BY MASON.



CHARLES WARE M'COMAS, SIX YEARS OLD,  
STOLEN BY THE APACHE INDIANS.  
SEE PAGE 158.



ITALY.—PROPOSED STATUE OF RAPHAEL AT URBINO.  
HIS BIRTHPLACE.—SEE PAGE 158.



bearing; a warm-hearted, Christian gentleman. All classes honor him for his ability of life and character, and in political and legal circles he is regarded as a wise and prudent statesman and a clear-headed and able lawyer. In him Georgia will have a Governor who will revive pleasant memories of a Crawford, a Cobb, a Jackson and a Troup.

#### The Story of a Wig.

THE Boston Advertiser gives this interesting story of the fortunes of a historic wig: "In 1837 Charles Sumner, being then twenty-six years old, and fresh from his law studies during his Harvard course, and two years' practice in Boston, went abroad for four years of travel. While in England he was presented to Lord Brougham, with whom he became a great favorite. In February, 1839, he wrote to a friend as follows: 'Lord Brougham has given me his full-bottom Lord-chancellor wig, in which he made his great speech on the Reform Bill. Such a wig costs twelve guineas, and then the associations of it! In America it will be like Rabelais's gown.' The wig was sent home by Sumner to Judge Story, to whom he wrote from Germany in 1840, saying: 'I am glad you have Brougham's wig. I always wished it to go to the law school. Put it in a case and preserve it.' This request was complied with, and the wig became one of the penates of the school. But the biennial migrations of students, the resignations of professors, and the repeated changes in librarians, soon removed those who knew the value of the relic, and the wig, in its pasteboard box, worked its way to the obscurity of the law-school garret. Years passed; the death of Brougham in 1868 revived the faded memories of his eloquence, his varied learning, and his wonderful career; a biographer of Sumner stumbled on a clue to the existence of the wig, and sought it at the Cambridge school. None of the then present generation of students had ever heard of it. The librarian remembered dimly having found a wig in a dust-covered box in the garret, but knew nothing of its origin. A younger member of the faculty confessed to having worn it in former student days while sitting as proctorial justice in moot court trials, but of its present whereabouts none could tell. Further inquiry proved that the law-school garret had been cleared of rubbish several Summers previous, and that the wig in its dusty box had migrated to a store-room in Harvard Hall. To old Harvard, then, the searcher went, and encountered an aged employee of the college, who presided over the buildings in the yard. Yes, he remembered a wig in a pasteboard box which had kicked about for some time and had then been turned over to one of his assistants. The assistant was summoned, and after long effort recalled to his memory the fact that he had given an old wig to his little children to play with, and that they having exhausted its attractiveness, it had gone into the ash-heap, and one Summer afternoon had been carted across Holmes field to the hollow by the willows, and dumped into the mass of earth and ashes which were then being graded to form the ground upon which now stands the north goal of the football field. Further search was useless, and the wig was left to its fate, but the future students of the English law, as they flinger the pages of Meeson and Welsby, or Barnwell and Crosswell, and gaze northward from the windows of the new law building, may meditate on the mutability of matter and the fall of Lord Brougham's wig from the pinnacle of the Woolpack to the ash-heaps of Holmes field."

#### A MODEL SOCIETY PAPER.

THE City Item, of which J. Marion Pollock is editor, is rapidly growing in public favor. Devoted to society, literature, music, art, the drama, etc., it measures up to the very highest standard of dignified journalism, being precisely what an organ of these interests should be—sketchy, fresh, pure, and entertaining in every line and paragraph. It is, moreover, handsomely printed, and shows exquisite taste in its make-up. Society people will find the City Item in every way worthy of their encouragement.

Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, prior to her leaving for Europe on Saturday, April 21st, recognizing the value of Accident Insurance and the stability and standing of the UNITED STATES MUTUAL ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION of the City of New York, took out \$10,000 insurance in this company.

#### FUN.

JUDGE not by appearances. A woman can carry a pocketbook in her hand just as proudly when it only contains two horse-car tickets and a latch-key as when full of bills.

"WELL, little Jane, what have you learned at school this week?" "Oh, mamma, such a lot of annoying things that I don't want to think of them again, never."

A NEBRASKA man committed suicide because he owed seventy-five cents. A man who hasn't the business capacity to owe more money than that ought to commit suicide.

A NEW YORKER has been fined \$300 for giving tobacco to a giraffe in Central Park. That's right; give tobacco to boys as much as you like, but don't try to poison our giraffes.

It is said that inhaling the fumes of sulphur will cure catarrh. The course which many people pursue in this life gives promise that they won't be afflicted with catarrh in the next.

THE editor of a Texas Greenback paper advertises for a wife who knows less than he does. He is probably joking. Nobody can possibly know less than the editor of a Greenback paper.

AUSTIN, Texas, has a female deputy sheriff, and when she tells a man she has an attachment for him, he don't know whether to blush and try to look sweet, or to light out for the woods.

WHY certainly, Ezra, certainly. Anybody can answer a little question like that. They are called "end men" because they are the last persons the wandering joke reaches in its earthly pilgrimage.

A CENTURY since the Hawaiians were savages and cannibals. Now they use the telephone, have bank defaulters, support gambling establishments, and show other evidences of Christian enlightenment and modern civilization.

PEOPLE who live remote from the seashore can make a good artificial clam by rolling a piece of soap in sand and ashes, and eating it when it is about half cool. This is rather better than the real clam, but it will give inlanders an approximate idea of the luxury.

THE first instance where physicians are mentioned in the Bible is II Chronicles, xvi., 12. It is not flattering to the faculty: "And Asa, in the thirty-ninth year of his reign, was diseased in his feet until the disease was exceedingly great, yet, in his disease, he sought not the Lord, but the physicians. And Asa slept with his fathers."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE, FOR NERVOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, ETC.

SEND TO THE RUMFORD CHEMICAL WORKS, Providence, R. I., for pamphlet. Mailed free.

"Sings and speaks without contracting hoarseness, as formerly. General health improved. Suffered but little from colds—and not at all from neuralgia." If you wish to know how this great gain was effected, write to DR. STARKET & PALEN, 1109 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa., for their Treatise on Compound Oxygen, and learn all about the most remarkable curative agent yet discovered. It will be sent free.

A PENNSYLVANIA man proposed to kill the baby in order to reduce the expenses of the family, but his wife finally persuaded him to reduce the dog's rations instead, and in a few weeks the family was rich enough to buy another dog.

THE Hotel Gazette of this city is very much improved under the new management of Messrs. HENGERFORD & MORRISON, and meets a demand which has long been felt for an able and honest exponent of the important interests which it represents. Proprietors and patrons of hotels will alike find the Gazette interesting and valuable, containing all the hotel news, general and personal, there is going, flavored and brightened with plenty of genuine wit and humor. Every proprietor who "knows how to keep a hotel" will want the Gazette for steady reading and frequent reference.

It is time now to learn how to use an amateur outfit, so that, during the Summer holidays, you can take pictures of the places you visit, and of the beautiful scenery by which you will be surrounded. A tastefully bound manual of instruction in the art of picture-making is sent free upon application to THE SCOVILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, of New York, warehouses 319 and 421 Broome Street. The photographic business of this vast concern is centered in the New York establishment, of which MR. W. IRVING ADAMS is Manager.

LIME-JUICE AND PEPSIN has fully established its claim as the best aid to digestion. CASWELL, MASON & CO., 1,121 Broadway and 578 Fifth Ave.

#### BURNETT'S COCOAINE,

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST HAIR DRESSING.

It kills dandruff, allays irritation, and promotes a vigorous growth of the hair. BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are invariably acknowledged the purest and best.

FLIES, roaches, ants, bedbugs, rats, mice, crows, chipmunks, cleared out by "ROUGH ON RATS." 15c.

How to make \$500 yearly profit with 12 hens; 45 medals awarded. Inventor, PROF. A. CORBETT, 7 Warren St., New York. Particulars sent free.

NO WELL-REGULATED household should be without a bottle of ANGSTURA BITTERS, the world-renowned appetizer and invigorator. Beware of counterfeiters. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEBERT & SONS.

An old lady writes us: "I am 65 years old and was feeble and nervous all the time, when I bought a bottle of PARKER'S GINGER TONIC. I have used little more than one bottle and feel as well as at 30, and am sure that hundreds need just such a medicine."

TOWNSMEN returning North from a sojourn South, and visiting New York city, should not forget a visit to SYBIE'S famous warehouses for bric-a-brac and rare articles of house adornment. Strangers are especially invited without feeling it a necessity to buy.

#### GREAT HORSE MEDICINE.

NO HORSE need die of colic if DR. TOMLIN'S VENETIAN LINIMENT is on hand when first taken. A single dose revives an overheated horse and puts new life into him. It quickly cures galls, sprains, old sores, scratches, sore throats, etc. THE DERRY CONDITION POWDERS are used by the best horsemen in the country. They are no cheap articles, but the best ingredients that can be purchased, and perfectly innocent; 25c. per box.

They cure distemper, loss of appetite, worms, bots, coughs, hide-bound, give a fine coat and cleanse the urine; 25 cents per box. THE Family Liniment is 25 and 50 cents per bottle; the Horse, 90 cents. Sold by the druggists and saddlers. Depot, 42 Murray Street.

One thousand certificates from prominent horsemen can be seen at the depot.

"This is the first time I have had teeth drawn with gas without feeling it"—a remark often made by DR. COLTON'S, in the Cooper Institute. Gas fresh every day.

#### HEGEMAN'S GASTRICINE.

A Specific for Dyspepsia.

Sold by all Druggists, 25 cts. per box. Sent by mail. J. N. HEGEMAN & Co., Broadway, cor. 8th St., N. Y.

"Use Redding's Russia Salve."

#### FROM THE OLD WORLD.

From the great London (Eng.) Times.

Among the many specifics introduced to the public for the cure of dyspepsia, indigestion, derangements of various kinds, and as a general family medicine, none have met with such genuine appreciation as Hop Bitters. Introduced to this country but a comparatively short time since, to meet the great demand for a pure, safe and perfect family medicine, they have rapidly increased in favor, until they are, without question, the most popular and valuable medicine known. Its world-wide renown is not due to the advertising it has received; it is famous by reason of its inherent virtues. It does all that is claimed for it. It discharges its curative powers without any of the evil effects of other bitters or medicine, being perfectly safe and harmless for the most frail woman, smallest child and weakest invalid to use. Few are the homes indeed where the great discovery has not already been hailed as a deliverer and welcomed as a friend. It does what others affect to do. Composed of simple materials, it is a marvel of delicate and successful combination. Nothing is wanting. Every ingredient goes straight to the mark at which it is aimed, and never fails. Pleasant to the palate, agreeable to the stomach, and thoroughly effective as a cure, it has won for itself the confidence of all.—Times, London, Eng.

A Few Unsolicited Letters From Thousands Received.

Feb. 9, 1882. I have tried experiments on myself and others with Hop Bitters, and can easily recommend them as a pleasant and efficacious medicine. I have found them especially useful in cases of congestion of the kidneys, as well as in bilious derangements.

REV. J. MILNER, M. A., Rector to the Duke of Edinburgh.

U. S. Consulate, MANCHESTER, ENG., Nov. 8, 1882.

Gentlemen—Since writing you of the great benefit I had derived from taking "Hop Bitters," I gave a friend a bottle, who had been suffering much from dyspepsia and sluggish liver, and the change was

marvelous; he is now another being altogether. He had tried several other remedies without any benefit. I could name over a dozen other miraculous cures. ARTHUR C. HALL, Consular Clerk.

LONDON, ENG., Sept. 1, 1882. I am pleased to testify to the good effects of your "Hop Bitters." Have been suffering a long time with severe pain in the left side and across the loins, and, having tried a number of so-called remedies without any benefit, I am glad to acknowledge the great relief I have obtained from your medicine. CHARLES WATSON.

COLCHESTER, ENG., Aug. 18, 1882. Gentlemen—I was troubled with a very bad form of indigestion for a long time, and tried many things in vain until I got some "Hop Bitters," and on taking was quite cured, and remain so till this time. It is now three months ago since I was bad. F. BELL.

From Rev. J. C. Boyce, M. A. Oct. 30, 1882. Dear Sirs—I have lately finished my first bottle of "Hop Bitters." After having for many years suffered acutely from rheumatic gout (inherited) I feel so much better, and can walk so much more freely, should like to continue the use of it. I write to ask how many bottles you will let me have for £1, so that I may always have some in stock.

#### From Ould Ireland.

DUBLIN, Nov. 22, 1882. Hop Bitters Co. Gentlemen—You may be interested to learn that one of the most eminent Judges on the Irish bench (a customer of mine) highly approves of your Hop Bitters, having received great benefit from their use. T. T. HOLMES, Chemist.

ALEXANDRA PALACE, LONDON, ENG., April 18, 1882. I find Hop Bitters a most wonderful medical combination, healthful, blood-purifying, and strengthening. I can, from analysis as well as from medical knowledge, highly recommend them as a valuable family medicine. BARBARA WALLACE GOTHARD, Supt.

LONDON, ENG., Feb. 1, 1882. Gentlemen—For years I have been a sufferer from kidney complaint, and from using your Hop Bitters am entirely cured, and can recommend them to all suffering from such disease. WILLIAM HARRIS.

SHEFFIELD, ENG., June 7, 1882. Sir—Having suffered from extreme nervous debility for four years, and having tried all kinds of medicine and change of scene and air without deriving any benefit whatever, I was persuaded by a friend to try Hop Bitters, and the effect, I am happy to say, was most marvelous. Under these circumstances I feel it my duty to give this testimonial for the benefit of others, as I may say I am now entirely well; therefore I can justly and with confidence give personal testimony to any one wishing to call upon me. Yours truly, HENRY HALL.

NORWICH, ENG., June 20, 1882.

To the Hop Bitters Co. Gentlemen—Having suffered for many years from biliousness, accompanied with sickness and dreadful headache (being greatly fatigued with overwork and long hours at business), I lost all energy, strength and appetite. I was advised by a friend in whom I had seen such beneficial effects to try Hop Bitters, and a few bottles have quite altered and restored me to better health than ever. I have also recommended it to other friends, and am pleased to add with the like result. Every claim you make for it I can fully indorse, and recommend it as an incomparable tonic. Yours faithfully, S. W. FITT.

#### From Germany.

KATZENBACHHOFF, GERMANY, Aug. 28, 1881. Hop Bitters Co. Dear Sirs—I have taken your most precious essence Hop Bitters—and I can already, after so short a time, assure you that I feel much better than I have felt for months.

I have had, during the course of four years, three times an inflammation of the kidneys. The last, in January, 1880, was the worst; and I took a lot of medicine to cure the same, in consequence of which my stomach got terribly weakened. I suffered from enormous pains, had to bear great torments when taking nourishment, had sleepless nights, but none of the medicine was of the least use to me. Now, in consequence of taking Hop Bitters, these pains and inconveniences have entirely left me, I have a good night's rest, and am sufficiently strengthened for work, while I always had to lay down during the day, and this almost every hour. I shall think it my duty to recommend the Bitters to all who suffer, for I am sure I cannot thank the Lord enough that I came across your preparation, and I hope He will maintain you a long time to come for the welfare of suffering mankind. Yours very truly, PAULINE HAUSLER, geb. Rosler.

#### From Portugal and Spain.

Gentlemen—Though not in the habit of praising patent medicines, which for the most part are not only useless but injurious, I have constantly used Hop Bitters for the past four years in cases of indigestion, debility, feebleness of constitution and in all diseases caused by poor or bad ventilation, want of air and exercise, overwork and want of appetite, with the most perfect success.

I am the first who introduced your Hop Bitters in Portugal and Spain, where they are now used very extensively. Yours very truly, BARON DE FONTE BELLA.

Profession de Chemie et de Pharmacie, Coimbra University, Coimbra, Portugal.

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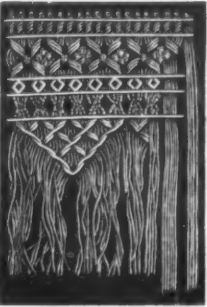
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